

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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PLEASE DO NOT LITTER YOUR TOWN

P.C. CASABIANCA ON DUTY AT HIS WEDDING

The Queer Little Event That Disturbed Two Brides

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

The extreme sense of duty which made Casabianca stay on the burning deck may manifest itself at times in less tragic though no less extraordinary ways.

It happened not long ago in Madrid that two couples were going through the marriage ceremony at the same time and in the same church. In one of the side chapels the daughter of a former Prime Minister of Spain was being married to an officer of the Spanish Army, while at another altar not far off a youthful police inspector was about to receive the Church's blessing on his union with the lady of his choice, the daughter of a railway official.

Bridegroom's Sudden Dash

These two were kneeling side by side on the altar step and the priest had just begun to pronounce the marriage sacrament when to everyone's horror the policeman bridegroom jumped to his feet and dashed out of the church in the wake of a young man who seemed in a hurry to be gone.

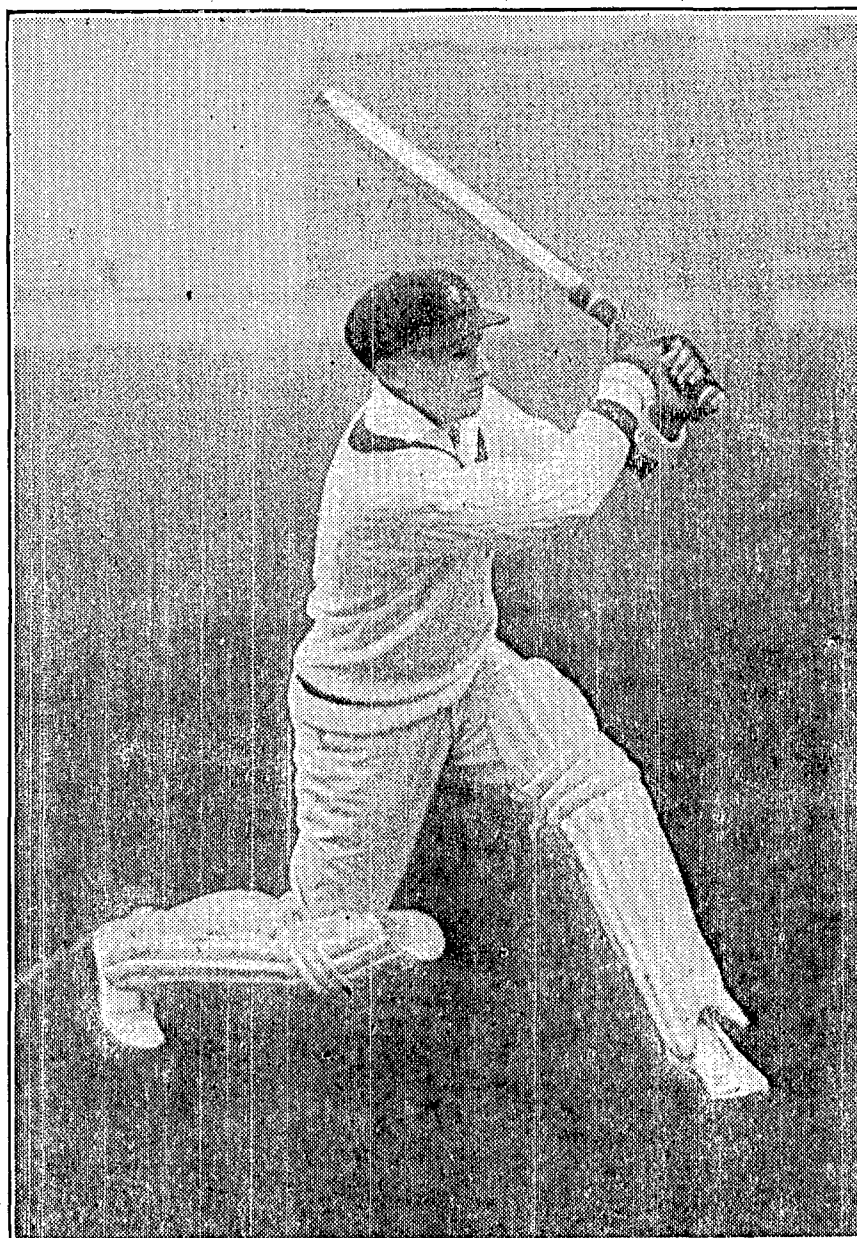
Minutes of strained and painful silence passed, while the priest and the wedding guests waited, and the bride, still kneeling before the altar, nearly fainted with shame and mortification. Then, all at once, the situation righted itself with the same unexpectedness with which it had gone wrong. The bridegroom returned and knelt down again on the altar step, and the priest, greatly relieved, went on with the ceremony.

All Forgot But Duty

It was not till all was over that the queer incident was explained. It seemed that at the very moment of kneeling down the quick eye of the police inspector, professional even at this important moment of his life, had espied a pickpocket slipping into the adjacent chapel and abstracting something from the handbag of the other bride. Flesh and blood (constabular flesh and blood) could not stand by and see such a thing unmoved, so, forgetting his own bride and all that concerned her, forgetting everything but the call of duty, he had rushed from the church after the fleeing pickpocket, and after an exciting chase succeeded in arresting him and making him disburse his loot, which proved to be a little matter of a thousand pesetas.

As soon as the ceremony was over the newly-married police inspector approached the newly-married officer's lady and handed her the stolen money, which she had not even missed. It is said that she thanked him very prettily. What his own wife said in the first minutes of their privacy after the wedding is not on record.

Well Hit, Sir



This remarkable picture of Don Bradman in action typifies the wonderful batting of this young Australian, of whom great things are expected in the Test Matches. He not only holds the world's record of 452 runs in a single innings, but is the only Australian to achieve the feat of scoring a thousand runs before the end of May in England.

LOST SINCE 1914

THERE was a little ceremony at the German Embassy the other day which takes us back to the war.

Mr Henry Collett was recently staying with a lady in Norfolk when he noticed among her household treasures a Communion service consisting of chalice, ewer, and paten.

Naturally surprised to find such a thing in a private house he asked its history, and his hostess told him it was given to her by her brother, a naval officer who served in the war.

He had landed at a place in West Africa and found a deserted bungalow, a church, and native huts. It was evidently a German missionary station, and natives had looted the bungalow.

But they had overlooked the Communion service in a cupboard. The officer did not like to think that they might

return, find it, and misuse it. So he took it with him, and when he was next on leave he asked his sister to give it house room.

There it had remained.

Mr Collett asked if she would like to return it to the true owners, and she was eager to do so but did not know how to set about it.

That was very quickly arranged. The German Ambassador received the plate from an English clergyman, who told him that it was accompanied by feelings of friendship for the German people and respect for the missionaries who were labouring in the common cause of Christianity.

Thus, after being unused since November, 1914, the vessels go back to their sacred purpose and into the hands of their rightful owners.

COURAGE WINS A VICTORY FOR HUMANITY

Two Brave Women at a Cruel Show in France

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

The intervention of two brave women at the head of a handful of followers has scored a victory for humanity in France.

Madame Crespin du Gast, President of the French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Mademoiselle Liane Buguet, in the face of opposition and physical violence, entered an arena at Melun, near Paris, when a bullfight was on and consciously or unconsciously imitated a deathless feat which put an end to gladiatorial combats in Rome.

The two Frenchwomen, followed by a score of humane young men, on appearing in the arena to stop the ghastly spectacle were badly ill-used by officials and an angry public. Some were beaten with truncheons and others were led away in chains. But, defeated then, they were ultimately victorious, for so powerful was the impression created by their action that bull-fighting at Melun is to be permanently prohibited.

A Degrading Sport

Apparently it needed some such action as this to arouse French public opinion to abolish a degrading sport which attempts are now being made to popularise in the Republic.

It was such a scene in the Colosseum 15 centuries ago which put an end to gladiatorial combats and the setting of men and women against animals.

Emperors seeking popularity with the mob provided these spectacles, and thousands perished in the arena.

The Church and the later emperors tried in vain to suppress these combats. Constantine, powerful enough to impose Christianity upon the Roman world, was unable to check the public appetite for slaughter in the Colosseum.

At last, during the reign of the Emperor Honorius, a noble-hearted monk named Telemachus appeared at the Colosseum, sprang into the arena, thrust himself between two gladiators and compelled them to desist.

The crowd was as furious as the French crowd which beat these two Frenchwomen, and, baulked of their sport, they stoned the monk to death.

But he had sown the seed, and gladiatorial combats ceased from that day.

THE BELLS OF OTTAWA

A C.N. reader in Montreal writes to remind us that the fine carillon in Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, like the carillon shortly to be sent to New Zealand, was made in England. The Ottawa carillon was also a war memorial and was played for the first time on the 60th anniversary of Canadian confederation.

YELLOW FEVER ON THE WING

DANGER IN THE AEROPLANE

A World Peril to Health in the Flying Age

PROGRESS AND ITS PENALTIES

Yellow fever is not the deadly menace it once was, but there is a possibility that its terrors might be revived by that most modern of modern inventions—the aeroplane.

One of the committees of the League of Nations has issued a warning that the infection of yellow fever might be carried by a person travelling by aeroplane from West Africa to Asia.

Yellow fever is in general transferred by a mosquito to a human being, but a human being in whom the infection lurks may in his turn transfer it to a mosquito which bites him and sucks his infected blood. The mosquito will then pass it on.

Escaping Quarantine

A person infected with yellow fever in Africa would manifest its symptoms in a few days if travelling by steamship, but if travelling by aeroplane he might reach distant parts of Africa, or even India, before the symptoms declared themselves. He would then escape quarantine, and after landing at his destination would be a possible source of infection.

In India there are myriads of the particular kind of mosquito (*stegomyia*) which can and will convey the infective germ from one person to another. Consequently, if yellow fever cases landed there by aeroplane there would be an immediate danger of an epidemic spreading far and wide.

Each advance in transport which links countries and continents closer together brings with it the risk that the vessels, or railways, may carry infective diseases of both animals and plants. It is strange to think of the aeroplane as one of these messengers of ill.

MR AND MRS BLUE TIT And the Five Little Tits

We should very much like to change places for a week with our good friend Mr Hurcomb, who goes about the country collecting beautiful things from those who cannot afford to keep them and sells them in Piccadilly to those who can.

At times Mr Hurcomb sees beautiful things that he cannot sell, with all his cleverness, and this was one he came upon the other day:

On reaching the door of one who asked me to pay a gratuitous visit I saw a notice over the letter-box. "Mr and Mrs Blue Tit and five little Tits are in occupation for a fortnight, so please don't put any letters in the box." When the maid opened the door she pointed out Mr and Mrs Blue Tit hopping about with dainty morsels for the little quintet. Before leaving I peeped in and had a look at the happy family.

It is jolly to remember that this happened somewhere in Hampshire round about Selborne, and we agree with Mr Hurcomb that old Gilbert White would have loved to stand at that door with him.

MILLIONS FOR ROADS

It is estimated by the Roads Improvement Association that the modernising of our road system calls for an expenditure of at least one hundred million pounds. So far the expenditure authorised in the next five years' amounts to just under forty million pounds.

TOSCANINI AND HIS ORCHESTRA

By Our Music Correspondent

Gone are the days when minstrels journeyed from town to town with lute and harp, yet only this year has it been possible to bring a whole orchestra of 112 players across the Atlantic.

This visit of the famous New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra has been talked about for years, and at last it has been able to make the promised tour of Europe. The orchestra arrived in Paris in May, and almost every day since it has played in a different capital. We Londoners have been the most fortunate of all, for the great Toscanini has conducted four concerts here—nobody else has had more than two!

Perfection Itself

We can understand why this orchestra is perfection itself, for not only has every player the finest instrument that money can buy, but each is a skilled solo player of his own particular instrument. Toscanini will rehearse them as often as they wish, so that when they play each man knows exactly the notes the others around him are playing.

Toscanini conducts without any score, for he knows every note of the music. On his desk lies only his baton, and when it is not in use he probably keeps it, with a lot of other magic, up his sleeve! His brain contains a complete picture of the music of 100 operas and all the well-known symphonies, so he is able to conduct with his two hands free to make all the expression there is in the music.

It is wonderful music that he gives us. Have ever trumpets brayed more beautifully, or sent their notes more magnificently into the air? Have ever strings made more lovely sounds? If poor Europe had not so many other things to pay for each capital might grow a rival to this great orchestra of America.

ANNIE S. SWAN

With special pleasure the C.N. congratulates Mrs Burnett Smith, known to a whole generation as Annie S. Swan, on her place in the King's Birthday Honours as a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

Annie S. Swan has long had an honourable place among those who provide for whole households fiction that is true to the average of Scottish and English life, wholesome and sensible. She has also done a full share of editorial magazine work of a kind that appeals specially to the domesticated woman. Throughout the British Empire her influence has been felt in quiet womanly ways.

It is gratifying to see a woman of the type of Mrs Burnett Smith, who has earned universal respect by long and substantial work, recognised in our national honours. It is an award to solid merit without sensation.

LEO WEINTHAL

South Africa and the journalism of the British Commonwealth have lost a good friend, in Mr Leo Weintal, who founded and edited the African World and has died at his home at Sunbury-on-Thames.

Mr. Weintal, whose name as a Boer with deep English sympathies is known throughout South Africa, was a man of great public spirit, and his influence for peace between all races in South Africa was extremely valuable.

Personally and through his papers he helped many fine movements, and his generous personality will be much missed in many circles.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Basle	Bahl
Canaleto	Kah-nah-let-to
Scheldt	Skelt
Telemachus	Te-lem-ak-us

THE OLD MAN'S WILL

A Story of South Kensington

THE OLDFIELD THOMAS BENEFACTION

Old Mr Oldfield Thomas, who served the British Museum for a period of fifty years, is one of those whose strong will survives him.

While he lived and worked in the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road he wanted a lift. As he grew older he wanted it more.

But the British Museum is economical, as all those who have toiled up the many stone stairs to its Print Room at Bloomsbury are wearily aware. There was always some good reason why old Mr Thomas could not have a lift up to his study on the first floor.

First there was no money for lifts. The Treasury would not think of it. Then there were difficulties of construction. The end was that Mr Thomas's day of retirement came and he had never been up in a lift at the museum because there was not one.

The Great Plan Disclosed

But, though he had retired, the old gentleman loved the mammals and the unaccommodating museum as much as ever, and he was soon back at work in his leisure hours, arranging the specimens.

For six or seven years he went on working there, still without his lift, but all the time thinking out a great plan. He must sometimes have chuckled at the thought of it.

When his Will was read the great plan was disclosed. *He had left the money for a lift to the museum.*

Such patient perseverance in delay, and such a generous thought for other curators who came after him, could not be disregarded. The lift has been constructed, and who can doubt that it will always bear the name of the Oldfield Thomas Benefaction?

LET US BE OPTIMISTS A Wonderful Piece of News

Times are hard (Old England has known no harder) yet there is always good news somewhere.

Just now it is from the National Savings Committee. Last year over a thousand new Savings Associations were added, making 30,000 in all, and the total number of Savings Certificates is now approaching a thousand millions, the cash value already representing well over £750,000,000. About one-third of this sum appears to have been realised, but the amount still standing to the credit of investors is at the moment about £500,000,000. Most of the certificates are being bought by working people, and the average value sold each week is over a million pounds.

But the really wonderful fact about it all has been revealed by General Seely, chairman of the National Savings Committee. The people of this country, says General Seely, are purchasing certificates at the rate of one hundred a minute night and day, *a state of things which has no parallel either in Europe or America.*

THE CABLE BREAKS

James Cable has broken the family tradition by dying in bed at 78. Both his father and grandfather were drowned in trying to save life at sea, and James Cable was coxswain of the Aldeburgh lifeboat for 30 years in his turn. His whole life, it has been said, was one long chain of brave deeds.

Greatly will that North Sea town miss the handsome old man with the fine seaman's name.

SPACE NOT EMPTY

SURPRISING PIECE OF NEWS

A Discovery Which Upsets the Belief of Centuries

HOW IT WAS MADE

By a Scientific Correspondent

Science is for ever giving the world surprises, and within the last few months astronomers have reported one of the most surprising discoveries that have ever been made.

For centuries men of science have firmly and unanimously believed space between the stars and planets to be empty, and it was mainly to account for the passage of light across apparently empty space that the ether was originally invented or imagined. Nothing seemed more certain than that space had so little matter in it that it was much emptier even than a vacuum tube, and physicists had calculated how cold this empty space must be.

Glowing Clouds of Calcium

Yet now comes the astounding suggestion that space is sprinkled with vast glowing clouds of vapour of calcium, and vapour of calcium, moreover, at a temperature of at least 10,000 degrees Centigrade.

Many years ago science learned how to tell the chemical constituents of stars and planets and their atmospheres by means of their spectroscopic lines, and more recently it was discovered that the exact position of these lines indicates whether a star is approaching us or receding from us, and at what rate it moves. It is this recent discovery that has led to the remarkable suggestion now made—that great volumes of incandescent calcium exist in space; and it is interesting to observe how the matter has come up.

While the position of the spectroscopic lines from the other stellar elements showed that the stars and their atmospheres were either moving toward us or away from us, the lines from the calcium showed that the calcium vapour did not participate in the movement of the stars, and that the stars were moving with respect to it, and therefore through it.

In Interstellar Space

It was possible, indeed, to distinguish calcium in the atmosphere of stars from the relatively motionless calcium of space by the different positions of their lines. The calcium vapour seems to be distributed evenly in interstellar space, and it is possible to tell the distance of a star by the clearness of the absorption lines in the calcium spectrum.

This new idea is so surprising and unexpected that it may not be at once accepted, but distinguished men of science declare that it is certain that the supposed empty void does not exist.

THINGS SAID

Five-sevenths of our expenditure is for war and military purposes.

Mr Snowden

Out of 60 slum children taken into the country a dozen had never seen a live cow.

Colonel Saunders

What I lament is the importance of headlines and the unimportance of head work.

Mr G. K. Chesterton

In 22 years I have hardly been in a shop more than two or three times.

Archbishop of Canterbury

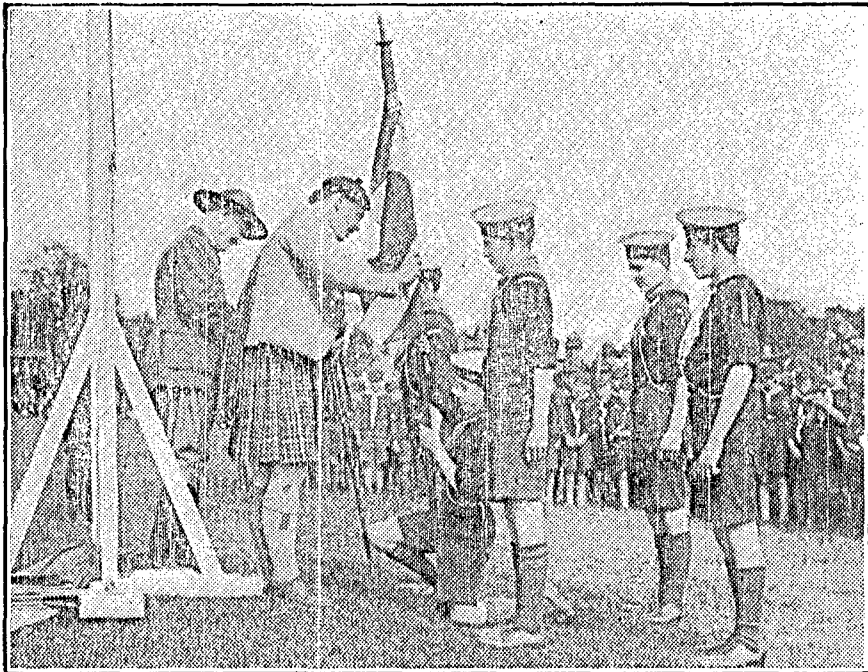
If you want to check the activities of any party put them into office.

Mr Bernard Shaw

If you regard art as a luxury, what a queer, drab world you are building up for yourselves.

Mr Lawrence Haward

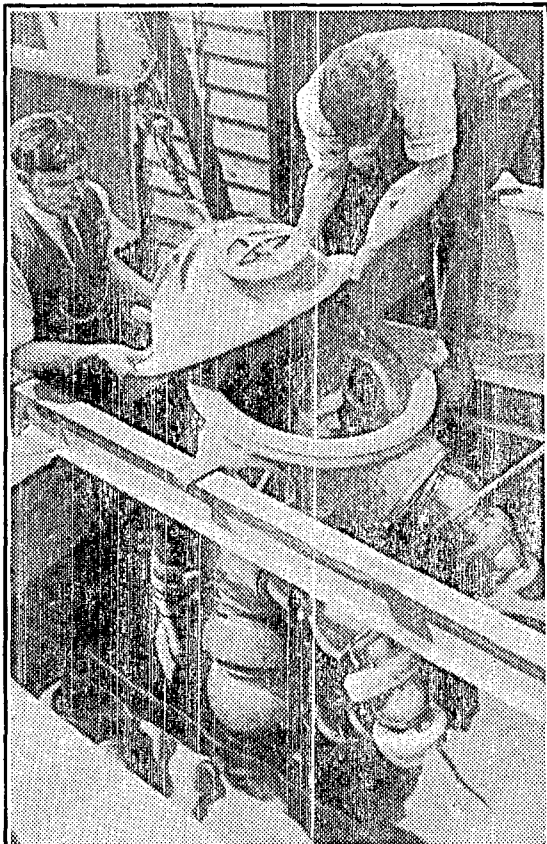
DIVER'S ARMOUR • LION CUBS AT THE ZOO • GIRL CRICKETERS



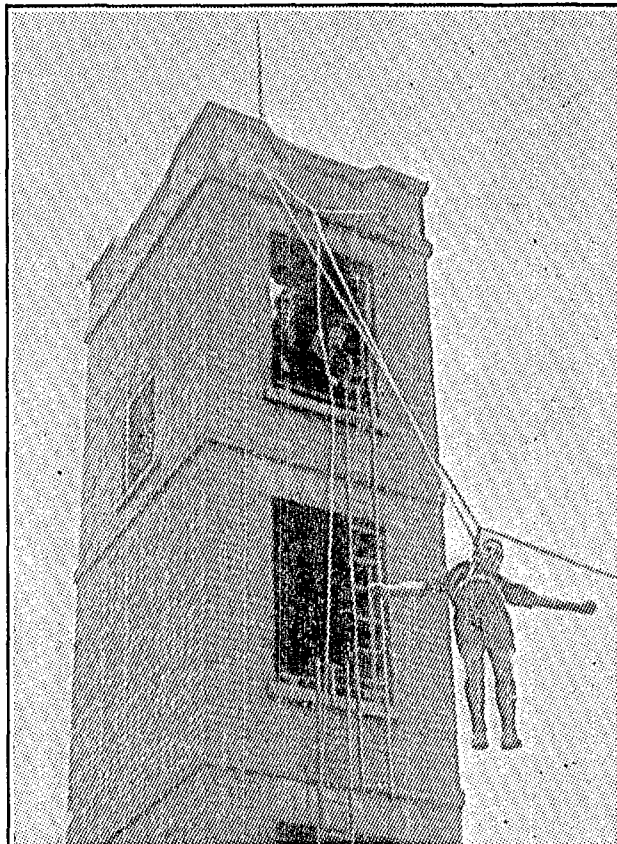
Ambulance Flag for Scouts—At a recent review of Boy Scouts in Dundee the Earl of Arllie presented the ambulance flag to the Broughty Ferry Sea Scouts, as seen in this picture.



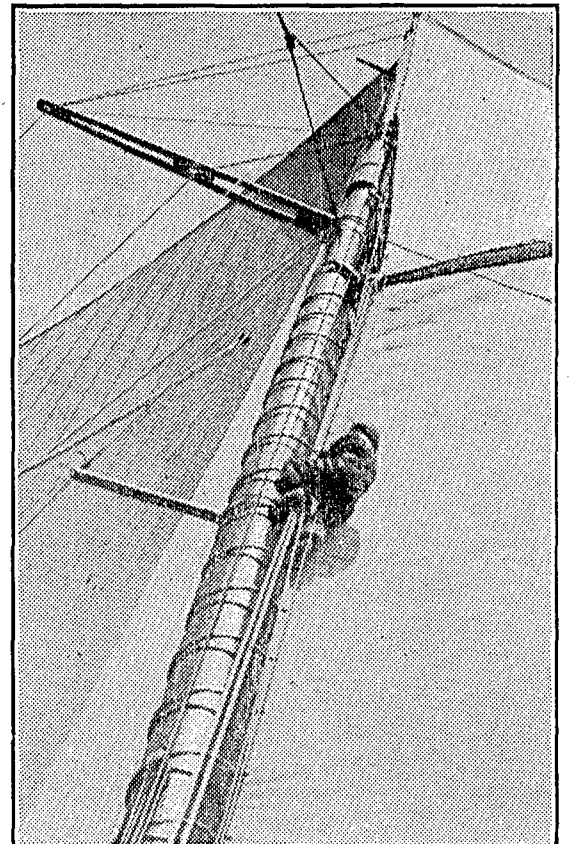
Wonderful London—There is always something of interest to see in London. These midgots and their glant friend are admiring a Buckingham Palace sentry.



The Diver's Armour—This new diving-suit was tested at Weybridge. It is built to withstand such enormous pressure that a man will be able to descend fifty fathoms in it.



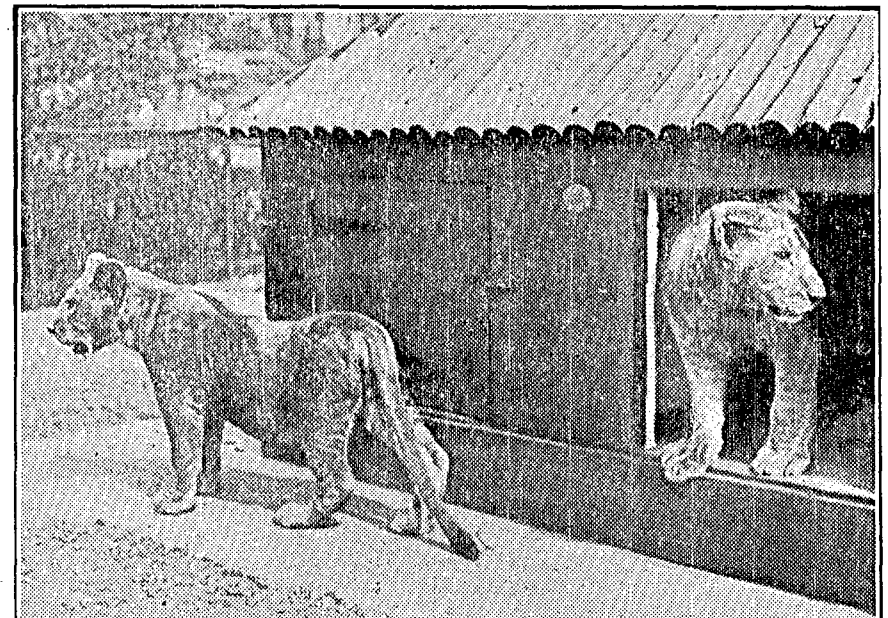
Fire-Drill For Boys—The Gloucester Fire Brigade holds a weekly drill for the instruction of boys, who have been able to assist at several fires. Here we see an incident during practice.



Climbing the Mast—This picture of a sailor going aloft, taken from the deck of White Heather II, gives a good impression of the size of the mast and sails of big yachts.



Girl Cricketers—Some of the players in a girls' cricket eleven are here seen rolling the pitch during the lunch interval in a match with another team at Wrotham, Kent.



Out For a Stroll—David and Goliath, two lion cubs at the London Zoo, instinctively look round to see that all is well as they emerge from their neat little home.

J. R. L.

OUT OF THE SLUM

The True Story of a Man Who Did "Nothing"

MANCHESTER LOSES A NOBLE CITIZEN

Eighty-two years ago a baby was born in a Manchester of slums and wretchedness, the son of a drunken father.

The man who was the baby has now died in the city of his birth and in the district where he was born, a man well known, loved, and highly respected.

He had not become rich in money. Most of his working life he passed as a simple worker in the furnishing trade, his own master in later years but always a working-man, and proud to be a worker. He had occupied only one public office, that of a magistrate, but to Manchester folk he was their J. R. L., John Robert Lancashire.

Early Years of Poverty

It is only three years since a book was written about him—A Northern Pioneer, by Frank Hall. It tells of the boy's early years in an atmosphere of drink and hopeless poverty, of how he left school at seven to work as a hank winder in a silk mill. Later came the awful years of the cotton famine, when his thriftless father died and he was left the head of a large family at sixteen. Often there were foodless days for him, yet he improved his education by attending a Sunday school, and such books as he could find he read by candlelight in his miserable home. On and on he struggled with them, sticking to the job he got in the furnishing trade when he was about 17, and later he started a second-hand book business in order to provide himself with the books he could not otherwise afford.

Gradually the poor boy became a reader, a thinker, and actually a writer. He became a magistrate, quietly, conscientiously, and mercifully conducting his work, helping prisoners back to a decent life, working among the slum-dwellers he knew and understood so well. At the very end of his long life there was still always some poor person knocking on the door of his very ordinary (and yet how extraordinary) home, seeking advice or help of J. R. L.

A Fine Old Man

A little story shows the greatness of this fine old man. He had been working at a house, mending chairs or laying floor-coverings perhaps, and that night he went to a reception at the Town Hall. He was invited as a magistrate, of course, and the next morning when he arrived at the house with his kneepads and tools the mistress asked him if he had been at the Town Hall the night before. He said he had, and that he was often invited. "Then what are you doing this sort of thing for?" she asked, thinking it below the dignity of an educated man and a magistrate. "To please you, madam, and to earn a living," answered J. R. L.

And here are some of J. R. L.'s own words to someone who thought him a most remarkable man:

What have I done? Nothing. I was born poor. I have never had wealth. All that I have done has been an attempt to live as a man should live—doing what little he can for others and seeking no reward.

That is true, and that is why the man who said it became J. R. L. to Manchester, especially to Manchester's poor.

Last Month's Weather

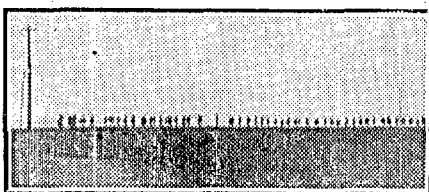
LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine . . .	152 hours	Lympe . . .	4.25 ins.
Rainfall . . .	3.50 ins.	Falmouth . .	2.40 ins.
Dry days . . .	11	Dublin . . .	2.20 ins.
Wet days . . .	20	Ross-on-Wye .	1.38 ins.
Warmest day . .	29th	Holyhead . .	1.26 ins.
Coolest day . .	8th	Aberdeen . .	0.98 ins.

WHAT A BOYS' BRIGADE HAS DONE
Every Town Please Copy

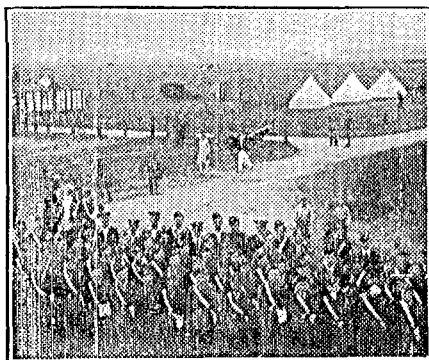
About six years ago four officers of the Sheffield Battalion of the Boys' Brigade went to Skegness on the Lintolnshire coast to select a camp site.

They hired a field of three and a half acres adjoining the shore. This was in January. Funds were collected, an officer designed a hut with pantry, cookhouse (two stoves and two thirty-gallon boilers), scullery, quartermaster's stores, and dining-hall capable of seating 600 at a meal. A cubicles hut was also designed with 20 cubicles, and by August 600 Boys' Brigade boys went to camp.

The officers and boys painted the



Boy Brigaders on the Line



A Parade at the Camp.

building, tarred the roof to make it waterproof, and made the sanitary provisions. Water was laid on.

But all this was not for the Sheffield Boys' Brigade alone. Each year since over 300 boys or girls have been accommodated from the children's homes of the Sheffield guardians. Schools from Leicester and Birmingham and various Boys' Brigades and girls' organisations have been included.

Last year a six-acre field was bought and the huts were placed on a permanent site. All the work has been voluntary. At least 3920 children have had a week at the seaside. This year a camp bigger than ever is being arranged. Bravo! officers and boys; that is the way to do it! Every city and town please copy.

THE LEAGUE AND THE BABY

The silly old idea as to the necessity of having certain illnesses once in a lifetime is receiving its final death-blow from the League of Nations Health Committee.

Methods by which children can be made immune from scarlet fever have been studied, and experiments are now to be made in Germany, France, Hungary, Holland, Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Yugo-Slavia. Immunity from diphtheria also seems possible, according to the studies of the Health Committee, and experiments are to be made for this, too, in these same countries and in Denmark and England as well.

In seven European countries and in four of Latin America (Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Uruguay) the Health Committee has been busy directing an inquiry into the causes of infant mortality, and it was recently able to report good results. The various countries have begun to carry out the urgent recommendations as to better training of doctors and nurses and increased medical attention to babies and their needs, as well as to mothers.

THE BENNERS
Who They Are and What They Are Doing

A competition was held in London the other day by the Stewart Headlam Shakespeare Association, and an important part of the reward was that the winners should appear in a matinée at the Old Vic.

What glory for the amateur! And it was won by the Benners.

They are members of a little club started by the East End boys who use the John Benn Hostel in Stepney. They are as poor as boys can be, and among the 80 residents are 12 who have been remanded by a magistrate. Yet in four years only one thief has been found among the 150 boys who passed through the hostel. And these boys love Shakespeare.

The aim of the hostel is to provide a home where they may be surrounded by an influence which will help them to develop their own characters on the right lines. It is the dormitory leaders who practically run the hostel, and at one of their weekly meetings they chose its motto: "No pains, no gains."

It is rather a wonderful thought that down in Stepney the homeless boy can conquer the slums squalor about him, and can shine as an interpreter of Shakespeare.

THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF SHELLEY

Shelley's granddaughter has just died in her ninetieth year.

She was the daughter of Edward Esdaile, who married Ianthe Shelley in 1837. Ianthe was the daughter of Shelley's first wife, and was born in 1813, nine years before her poet father was drowned in that squall in the Gulf of Spezia. He was only 30.

The name Ianthe recalls to us a poem, not by Shelley, but by Landor.

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

There could be no happier picture of a baby girl. That Ianthe will never grow up like Shelley's Ianthe.

Perhaps Dream Children are the best kind to have.

THE TOMTIT'S NINEPENCE

A series of thefts has occurred in Stanley, Wiltshire, and the criminal has at last been run to earth (not, of course, by Scotland Yard, but by the usual amateur sleuth).

Mr Wilter Lewis, a farmer, has a private letter-box on his land, and when he is out of stamps he leaves money with the unstamped letters in the box. Time after time the postman found unstamped letters but no stamp money.

Who could be stealing the coppers? A watch was kept, and a tomtit was caught red clawed.

He had accumulated ninepence.

Now his nest-egg has gone. Poor little one! And tomtits have such big families.

BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS

A strange pair of rooks joined a colony in a seaside park in Penzance.

Perfect peace reigned while the nest was made, the eggs laid, and the youngsters hatched and well grown. Suddenly one morning interested observers saw the whole colony rise and attack the little family, who lived in a tree to themselves. Amid shrieks and screams which roused the whole neighbourhood the parents were killed, the fledglings flung out, and the nest was torn to fragments and scattered.

A WISE MAN FROM THE EAST
Rabindranath Tagore

Dr Rabindranath Tagore, the famous Indian poet and reformer, is paying a short visit to England.

The weather has not been very kind to him, and in his old age he has felt the cold of this country too much.

How different he is from Gandhi in his outlook on the West! He does not want India to cut herself away from us. In his University at Bolpur near Calcutta he is gradually gathering scholars from different parts of the world. Italy, France, Germany, Denmark, England, and America have sent able and saintly men to this International University, and have helped to create a better understanding between their respective countries and India.

Love the Law of Life

Tagore depreciates anything which separates people and welcomes everything which draws people together. His greatest and closest friend is Charles Andrews, an Englishman who has dedicated his life to India.

Much as Tagore admires all that Western science has taught India and Asia generally, he feels that it is in the realm of culture and the deeper things of the soul that nations can best love each other. Love must be the law of life, and we must be ready at all times to do everything in our power to help human beings irrespective of their race or nationality. His message to the West at this time is that while we are mastering the secrets of Nature and becoming physically efficient we must not forget to develop the soul. Otherwise the Western nations will again become the victims of their own inventions and use their inventions in killing one another.

LONDON'S EIFFEL TOWERS

A new water-gate to London-on-Thames will soon stretch across the river at Barking.

The gateposts will be two masts of latticed steel, and each will be 500 feet high. Between them will be stretched the cables that are to carry electricity from the Barking Power Station to the County of Kent.

The gateway and the cables, which are its bars, are part of the scheme of the Central Electricity Board's scheme for electrifying England. In London itself the cables run underground, and in many a street the trenches for them are being dug.

They will be loaded with electric power at a pressure of 132,000 volts, and so we can imagine a tremendous field of electric force stretching like a barrier across the Thames at Barking.

But it will be invisible, and the cables stretching across the river will be high above the tallest masts of any ship. The lowest cable will be 250 feet above the highest tide and its length across the river will be 1000 yards.

A BIG SAFETY FIRST POINT

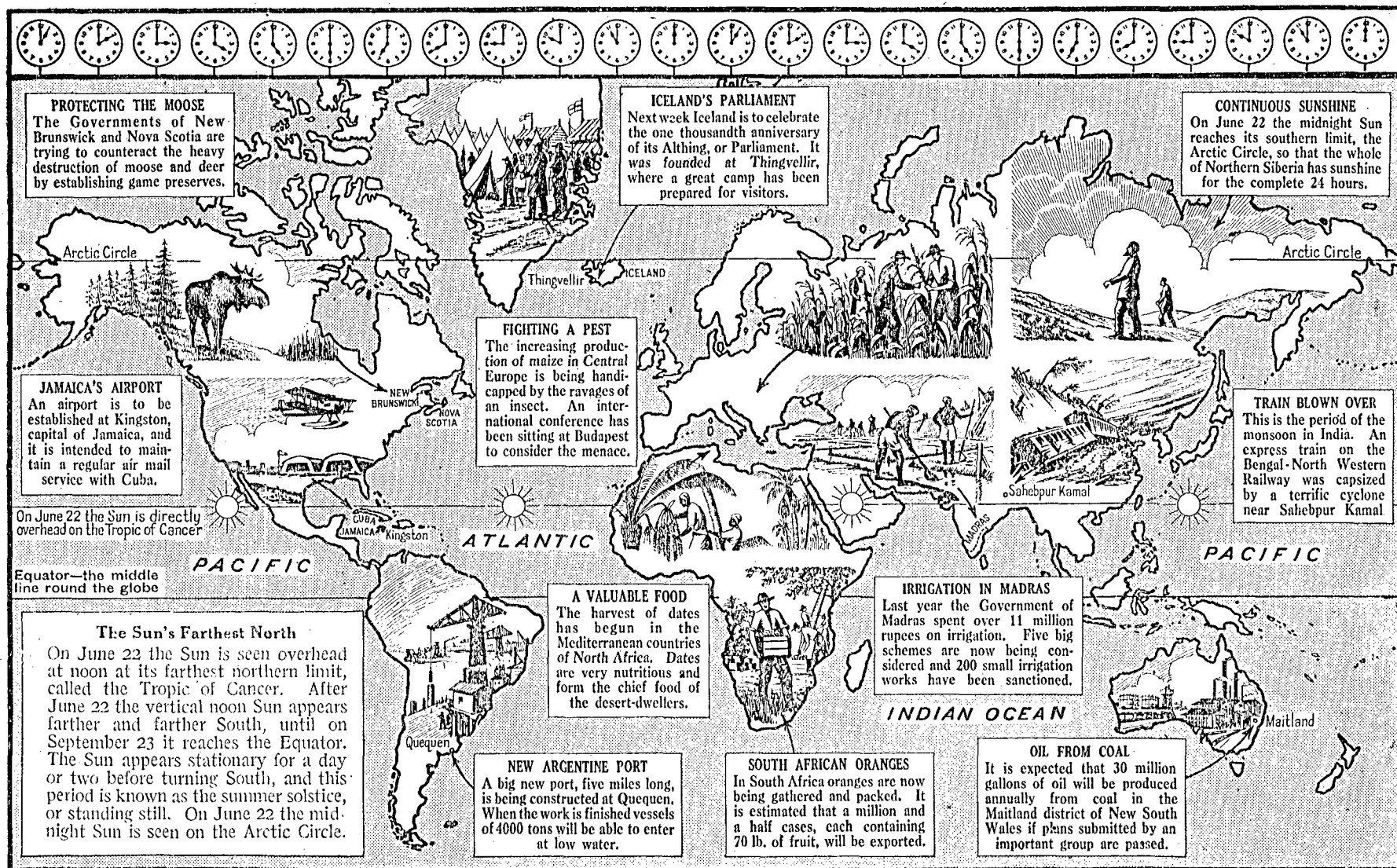
We have just had a Safety First week, in connection with which it was pointed out that accidents in Great Britain in a year killed 15,000 and mutilated a million more. These figures are a reproach and we must reduce them.

Let us point out one matter in which the legislature can do much.

Clever machinery is often very dangerous, and the safeguarding of machinery, therefore, is very important. Too often machines are made and sold without accompanying safety devices to protect those who use them, leaving it for the safety device to be added as an afterthought.

Why not have a law that no machine should be offered for sale unless it is complete with an efficient safety device?

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



CLERK OF THE WEATHER A Possible Assistant

Of special interest is a machine exhibited at the fourteenth Swiss Industries Fair at Basle.

It is catalogued as a Fog-Removing Apparatus, and its immediate use is the dispersal of steam, dust-cloud, and local fog in places of special danger—around railway stations, aerodromes, bus stations, and the spots in a big city where the presence of fog adds a real menace to life.

It is upon the future development of this device that interest is being focused. It may be possible to disperse mist and fog in places of special danger—around railway stations, aerodromes, bus stations, and the spots in a big city where the presence of fog adds a real menace to life.

HOW WE GET ABOUT

There is to be a very interesting and unusual kind of exhibition at Granville in Normandy next month, when the Locomotion Museum will be opened.

It will show every sort of transport known to man. There will be seen the evolution of swiftness and luxury, from the primitive sledge to the 1930 model car; from the light man-drawn riksha of the East, the warlike horse-drawn chariots of the Romans, the stage coach, the elegant drag and dogcart, to the swift aeroplane and giant airship.

THE HORSEMAN AT THE SMITHY

On an April day in 1646 an anxious and impatient horseman waited at a smithy near Harrow for his horse to be shod. It was Charles the First, and he was flying for his life after his defeat at Oxford.

The smithy which was afterwards erected on this site has just been closed.

To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher to use the Humane Killer

ALL-METAL AIRSHIP America's New Terror

After the all-metal aeroplane, the all-metal airship.

Last year experiments were conducted in the United States with an airship constructed entirely of metal, even to the gas-containing envelope, which was made of an aluminium alloy. The trial flights of the vessel, which was helium-filled and had a capacity of 200,000 cubic feet, were apparently considered successful, for it is now said that the United States Government is to build a much larger airship of similar type.

According to the Engineer it is reported that the new airship will be 547 feet long, with a gas capacity of 3,758,300 cubic feet. It will have eight engines developing in all 4800 horsepower, and is to be capable of travelling at a hundred miles an hour.

Unfortunately the new giant is to be fitted with war equipment, consisting of one 37 mm. gun, ten machine-guns, and a few tons of bombs. It is also to carry a searchlight and two aeroplanes.

UMTALI

In April we published an article on Umtali, in Southern Rhodesia, written by a bright High School girl.

An equally enthusiastic admirer of the place writes to say the statement that it is "not at all near the mining districts" is misleading. There are mines not far away, and it is a rich centre for gold. It is on the main line of the Rhodesian Railway from Beira.

Our correspondent, who knows the whole surrounding region well, adds that "the district has far finer and grander views than the Matoppo Hills, where Cecil Rhodes and Dr Jameson are buried."

NO TUNNEL

There will be mixed feelings at the decision of the Government not to build the Channel Tunnel, but nobody expects that it can be postponed more than a few more years.

THE LITTER LOUT ON THE YELLOW LORRY

It was good to see, at the great rally of Scouts and Guides on Marlborough Downs the other day, that one of the items in the programme illustrated the Litter Lout.

A yellow-coloured lorry laden with trippers, carrying balloons and streamers and scattering them along the route, trundled on to the rallying ground. The trippers alighted and in three minutes uprooted every tree and flower (all specially planted for the occasion), driving off, leaving behind a hideous assortment of paper and broken bottles.

Surely an excellent lesson to us all, and one which other people would do well to copy when they are organising a carnival or village sports. The lorry was labelled the Yellow Peril!

THE MERRY MINISTERS

After the opening of new Cooperative premises at Kettering Mr F. O. Roberts, Minister of Pensions, played the violin, accompanied at the piano by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr A. V. Alexander, who also sang some songs of Somerset.

He, no doubt, would vary the famous advice given in H.M.S. Pinafore, and make it something like this:

Work hard at your scales and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the King's Navee.

THE MUFFIN-MAN'S BELL

There was an odd incident in the recent cricket match between Lancashire and Leicestershire, when a man selling muffins outside the ground brought the Lancashire innings to an end.

The muffin-man's bell was heard by the Lancashire captain as he was batting, and, thinking it to be a signal from his committee to end the innings, he "declared," and it was not till after the match was over that he discovered his mistake.

CHIMES FOR OLD ENGLAND

The Rhyming and the Chiming of the Bells

Half the world now can hear Big Ben striking the hour. It will not be long before the bells of York Minster and those of St Margaret's, Westminster, will be quite as familiar.

The gramophone has caught and registered them, and with loud-speakers can reproduce them in any place. One of the first experiments with these solemn and beautiful sounds was made in the belfry of the church at Stoke Poges, which the poet Gray made famous.

The gramophone, with its records and its loud-speakers, was fixed in the old red-tiled church tower, and on a still evening of this summer the sounds floated over the churchyard with its rugged elms, its yew tree's shade, and the turf where

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Stoke Poges Church has its own peal of bells, wherein it is more fortunate than many a country church whose modest bells can do no more than call the devout to worship.

But the gramophone peal can be fitted to any church tower, and belfries in lonely country parishes may begin to take a new share in the life of the people.

Not merely famous church and cathedral chimes can be made to yield their music and broadcast it over the fields, but carillons such as those at Loughborough and in Hyde Park can also be reproduced by the gramophone.

At first sight there seems some incongruity between old church towers on which the grasses wave and the wall-flower finds a niche and these very modern sounds; but it is better to be a living belfry which speaks than a dead and silent one.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 21 1930

Good Times and Bad Times

THE papers are full of doleful stories about bad trade. Things have so much impressed one of our county court judges that the other day he said that "Never in the history of this country have things been so bad as they are now."

Now it is quite true that trade is depressed and that many men are out of work, but we need not talk nonsense. Taken at its worst the country is far more happy and prosperous today than it was at many times during last century.

Only eleven years have elapsed since the war came to an end, and we must make allowance for that. Suppose we go back a hundred years to 1830, which was fifteen years after Waterloo. Then things were so bad that men commonly died of want. In the summer of 1830 four harvest labourers were found dead of starvation under a hedge, and it was not an uncommon case.

They were the days when idiots were harnessed to carts like beasts of burden and when underpaid men and women had to resort to stealing and poaching to eke out a living. They were days, too, not merely of commercial depression but of commercial panic, when not a man knew what a day was to bring forth of loss and despair.

Or suppose we call to mind the Hungry Forties. That name was given to the period between 1840 and 1850, when the condition of the labourers was so terrible that they had a great struggle to keep body and soul together. In our day we know of no such desperate conditions.

If we turn to as late a period as 1885 we again find a record of great depression. A Royal Commission was set up to study bad trade, and there was just the same talk then as now.

The fact is that trade has never been a steady thing from year to year and from decade to decade. There has always been a succession of ups and downs. Our present suffering has been precipitated by the war, which has particularly hit the British trader because he had most to do with world trade. He stood to lose more than anyone else. But his position is by no means desperate. On the contrary, our trade today is as big as it was not many years before the war, and we have no doubt whatever that with enterprise and determination the old-time prosperity, *and more*, will be ours.

So, please, dear Judge Crawford, let us be as cheerful as we can. Let us not bemoan our fate. Let us face the future with confidence in our destiny. Confidence and steady work will yet pull us through.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Happy Holiday

LET us be thankful. The world is not so bad.

A public man has been twice across the Pacific and is home again as we write. He has been 62 days at sea and 64 days in the Empire, with *not one day of bad weather and not so much as a little finger ache*.

It is good to know that his life has been one of such public service that this fine holiday has come to him as a great reward.

A Little Idea Runs Round

WHEN the seaside train came in the crowd fought desperately for seats. There was not enough room, and in nearly every compartment two or three people had to stand.

But even in a crowd of cross people an idea can creep out of one mind into others and transform suspicious hostility into good feeling. One of the passengers decided to try it, and began by offering to take turns with a tired-looking girl in standing.

"Thank you! How kind of you to think of it! I was dead tired. We were awfully busy in our shop yesterday; then I was up late last night finishing a dress."

A young man who had sat fixed in his seat now jumped up and insisted that one of the standing people should sit down, and presently three people were hanging on to the luggage-rack while the train swayed to and fro in its wild rush to the sea.

The passenger who had had the little idea now had another. This was to distribute a parcel of biscuits. Then others pulled out packets of chocolates and handed them round.

Three hours later, when the coast was reached, the jolliest little band in the world shook hands and said Good-bye as if they were old friends.

Somebody

THAT is an admirable story of the little girl who was making her first long journey, and was alarmed to see a river in the distance as she looked from the train. Always, as they drew near the river, a bridge appeared and they were soon safely across and at last our little lady leaned back in the carriage with a sigh of relief and said: "Isn't it splendid? Somebody has put bridges all the way."

What a lot we owe to Somebody! What would happen to all our lives but for that Somebody who made our roads and our trams and our cars, who invented our telephones and wrote our books, and gave us half the comforts of our daily lives?

A little friend of ours has been gathering bluebells. She was greatly impressed by the rich blue carpet. "Daddy," she said, "I think somebody must have been very busy planting all those flowers."

How is Your Volcano?

IN a new edition of George Sand's letters we find the great novelist saying: "I had conquered so much in my own character, I had sown grass and flowers upon my volcano, and they were coming up well."

A good many of us have a volcano inside, and do not quite know what to do about it. Now we know what genius does with such a thing—turns it into a garden. People with tempers, please note.

Tip-Cat

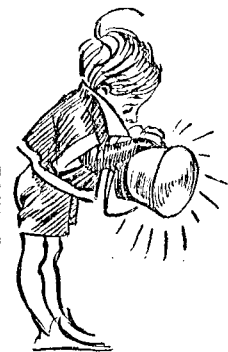
LINDBERGH has just made a brief stop at Colon. It seems grammatically correct.

PUBLIC speaker thinks men and women are not cogs. Still, they are parts of the commonweal.

HOPE is about the only thing not taxed in this country. Otherwise even the collector would have none.

A NEW moth discovered in Epping Forest is called *Phiogochicaurlissa*

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If gas men make light of their labour

those who want to sleep are about the same.

M.P. says he likes to spend his holiday in his garden. And be all by himself a mere garden party.

SHOES are to be cheaper. Down again, but not, let us hope, at heel.

FREE verse has never been popular in England. Nor has the kind which has to be paid for.

FEW women consider the shape of their heads when buying a hat. The shape of the hat is more important.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A SERVANT girl has given £50 she has saved to the Alexandra Orphanage, which brought her up.

THE White Star Line has presented a captain's gig to Liverpool Sea Scouts.

AN unknown man the other day called at the National Children's Home and left £500.

SOMEBODY unknown has given £24,500 to the King Edward Hospital Fund.

Waiting For the Evening Paper Long Ago

Even in Cowper's day, in the middle of the 18th century, men waited gladly for the newspaper, and felt the wonder of this messenger with "news from all nations lumbering at his back."

HARK! tis the twanging horn
o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but
needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in
which the Moon
Sees her unwrinkled face re-
flected bright.
He comes, the herald of a noisy
world,
With spattered boots, strapped
waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering
at his back;
True to his charge, the close-
packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings; his
one concern

Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And, having dropped the ex-
pected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-
hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful; messen-
ger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of
joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief
or joy.

Houses in ashes, and the fall of
stocks;
Births, deaths, and marriages;
epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down
the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent
quill;
But, oh, the important budget!
ushered in

With such heart-shaking music;
who can say
What are its tidings? Have our
troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium
drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the
Atlantic wave?

Is India free? and does she wear
her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile
of peace,

Or do we grind her still? The
grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart
reply,

The logic, and the wisdom, and
the wit,
And the loud laugh. I long to
know them all;

I burn to set the imprisoned
wranglers free,
And give them voice and utter-
ance once again. William Cowper

Little One's Prayer

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A tiny flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength
I have

May serve my neighbours best.

M. Betham-Edwards

THE TWELVE WISE MEN NATION'S ORDER OF MERIT

Three New Names the King Was Delighted to Honour THEIR FAME AND WORK

On the King's birthday three new names were enrolled in that Order of Merit which is the highest honour the nation confers on men who are "leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions, such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing."

Poets, historians, philosophers, the learned in art and science, are honoured in the Order of Merit. It is a great company of the wise, among whom Professor Samuel Alexander, Dr M. R. James, and Dr George Macaulay Trevelyan now take their places.

A Grave and Reverend Company

The wisdom and understanding which entitled the new O.M.s to take their places among this grave and reverend company are an index of the qualifications necessary for election to it.

Professor Samuel Alexander is a thinker in that world of learning which is called philosophy. Many are attracted by it; some can enter into it with full understanding. Only the few can add anything constructive to it. Professor Alexander is one of these. He taught philosophy at Manchester University for a generation, but he is also the successor in thought to an English school of philosophy which has included Locke and Herbert Spencer.

Dr Montague Rhodes James is one of the most profound of modern scholars. He has delved into medieval history and learning, he has made known a great deal of the Apocrypha from which we have just quoted, and he is an encyclopedia in himself of the contents of famous libraries.

A Historian of England

Dr George Macaulay Trevelyan is of the family of Macaulay and, like him, a historian of England. His father, Sir George Trevelyan, held this honour before him, and it is the first time in the history of the Order that father has been succeeded by son.

Let us now turn to the company of Wise Elders in which the new O.M.s find themselves.

Sir Edward Elgar was one of the first. He takes his place there as one "who has found out musical tunes," the most eminent of living English musicians.

Sir Joseph John Thomson is one of the pioneers of the structure of the atom, the measurer of positive rays of electricity, a tracker of electrons, and the most stimulating teacher since Lord Kelvin, whose disciple he was.

The World Their Debtors

Sir James Barrie needs no introduction. He is himself a Peter Pan over whom the years have passed taking nothing away of boyish vigour, hope, and gaiety, but bringing only a kindly wisdom and a philosophy no less deep than its appeal to our hearts.

Sir Charles Sherrington is one of those scientific men who are known chiefly to other men of like rank in science. He has made contributions to the study of the nervous system for which the world is indebted to him.

MARY EMMA DAVIDSON

THAT noble woman Mrs Mary Emma Davidson, whose act of self-sacrificing courage in giving her life to save a child has been told in the C.N., is not to be forgotten in Liverpool.

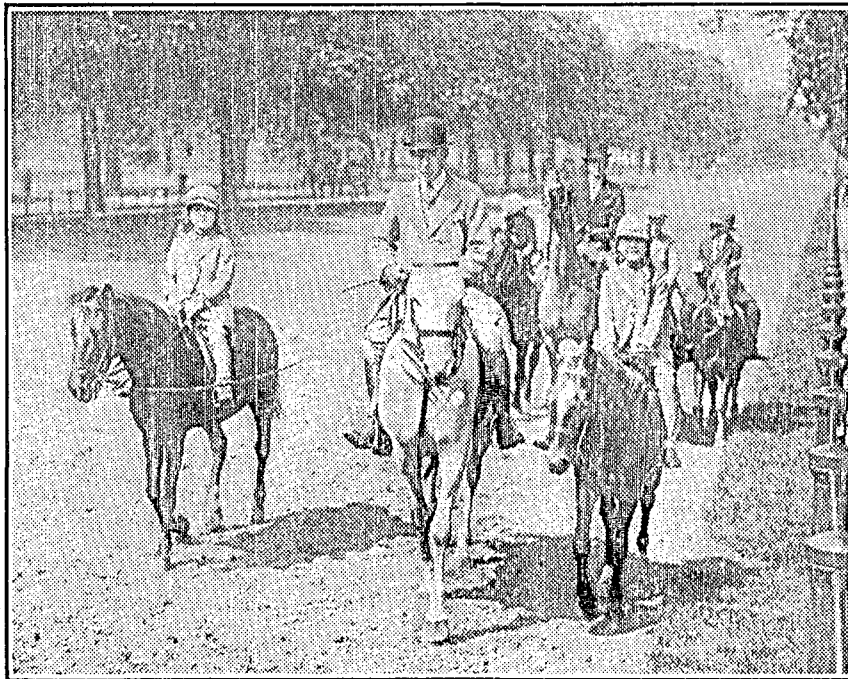
Before she died, in consequence of the injuries she received, she said with gentle satisfaction: "I have had my day; the child's day is yet to come."

Liverpool is endowing a cot in the Southern Hospital's children's ward in

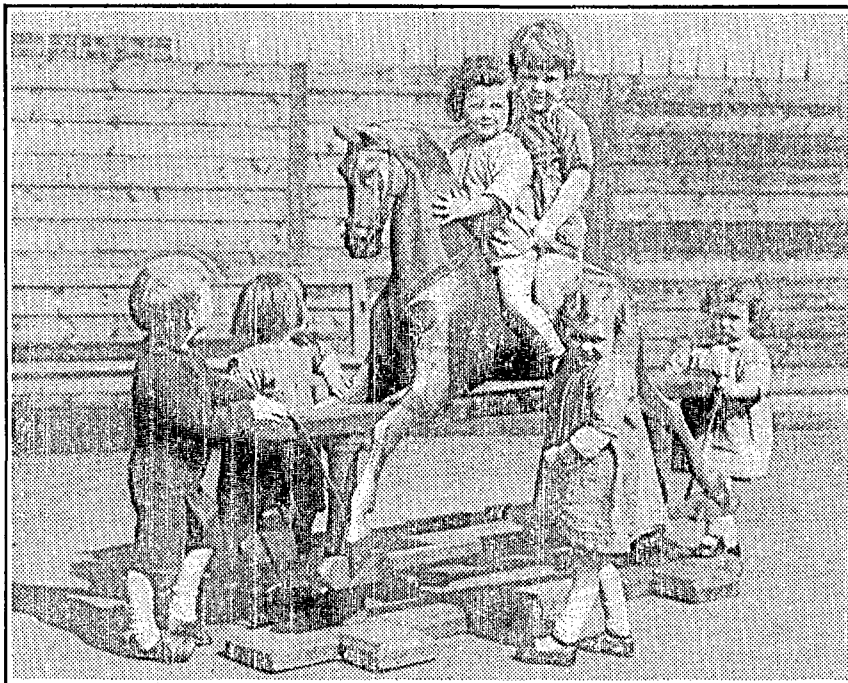
her memory, and her name is placed on the Carnegie Roll of Heroes, while the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society has awarded a posthumous medal to her.

If all these honours had not been given the words she spoke would have given immortality to this lady of sixty, who thought herself old but was young in heart. They are among the greatest epitaphs which have been spoken or written.

A RIDE ON A HORSE



Young riders with their master in Rotten Row



Happy moments with a rocking-horse in a London crèche

All children love a horse, and many who cannot ride a real pony can have an excellent game of make-believe with a toy, like the children with the rocking-horse in the lower picture.

Continued from the previous column

Sir James Frazer is our greatest student of the early mind of mankind. All the beliefs, traditions, and superstitions which have influenced men since the Stone Age, some of which have survived to our own time, have been examined and analysed by him in a dozen priceless volumes.

Sir Ernest Rutherford is of Sir J. J. Thomson's school, one of the great examiners of the forces within the atom and of the movements of the electron.

Sir Charles Parsons is one of the world's supreme mechanical brains, a great engineer. His invention and development of the turbine have revolutionised the application of steam to the engines which develop power in power houses and in steamships.

Mr John Galsworthy is the dramatist and novelist of our time who has most clearly reflected in his imagined characters and their actions the more serious problems of social life and conduct.

Sir George Grierson has a name which, though unknown to many of his countrymen, is known through the whole world as that of the most learned man in it in the languages and lore of India and the Far East.

In addition to these Twelve Wise Men of the Order of Merit there are five others—two complimentary O.M.s to Marshal Joffre of France and Admiral Togo of Japan; and three to our own countrymen as a tribute to the Navy and Parliament, which are recognised in the persons of Lord Jellicoe, Lord Beatty, and Mr Lloyd George.

THE TRICK THAT NEVER WAS INDIAN ROPE LEGEND

The Impossible Thing That Nobody Has Seen

STORIES TRAVELLERS TELL

We have received many letters concerning the legend of the Indian Rope Trick to which we referred the other day. Many of the writers believe in the trick, but *not one of them has seen it.*

A lady sends us from a schoolhouse in Scotland a story of what her son is said to have seen in Rangoon when he was sixteen. This is the story

"He saw a Hindu take a child and put him in a basket and close it up. Then the man took a sword and pierced through and through till blood ran from the basket. The man threw a rope up in the air and the child came sliding down it, smiling. The man opened the basket and it was empty."

It is impossible to believe that such things really happened.

Seen Under Hypnotic Influence

The next letter is from a London reader who has not seen the trick, but last year "came across a lady and gentleman who actually saw it." These friends, we are told, declare that the trick is an inherited one, belonging to one poor Indian family, which explains the rareness of its being seen. The friends both agree that, although it was being done under their noses, they were "hypnotised into thinking they saw what they saw." What they described was a loose rope being thrown up into the air out of sight, a boy climbing up it and shouting to his father who manipulated the rope.

In this case even the travellers themselves, though describing the scene, agree that they must have been hypnotised, and declare that "what they saw was impossible."

What the Camera Showed

An Irish reader reminds us of a book by Sir Frederick Hamilton describing the rope trick as seen by a traveller with a camera. He photographed the rope ascending, the boy climbing up, the man going after the boy and coming down again. Then, mystified at having seen what he believed impossible, the traveller went home and developed his negatives. They all showed the native courtyard, but *nowhere was there any sign of rope, boy, or man.*

Another story sent to us from Sussex is from a lady who "believes her father saw it" in India. With her father she herself saw a conjurer at the Alexandra Palace in London, who "threw up a ball of string and went up hand over hand out of sight; in a minute or two his legs, arms, body, and head came down on the stage and another man put them in an open basket, laid a cloth over it, and covered them. The cloth was then pushed aside and the man stepped out of the basket." It is absurd tricks like this that have deceived credulous people for a generation.

Origin of the Story

A reader in County Durham writes declaring that the story began with two Government clerks in India who came home and were astounded to find how credulous the people of England were about India. In order to test the gullibility of the public they invented this tale.

We have no information of our own concerning the origin of the story, but it would seem that the only thing that is certain about the Indian Rope Trick is that it does not happen, it cannot happen, it never has happened, and no living person ever has been able to prove that he has seen it.

WHO WANTS AN ISLAND?

ST KILDA TO BE ABANDONED

Its 35 People Tired of the Bother of Living There

AN ASTONISHING STORY

Our islands are assuming a position in public attention in excess of their geographical importance.

The man who would be King of Lundy has had a Law Court decision against his claim to regal authority. The owner of the Calf of Man is prepared to sell to the highest bidder. The people of St Kilda are content to leave their island to such fate as destiny may determine.

The position at St Kilda is extraordinary. The island is the most remote of any in Great Britain. At the best of times communication with the mainland is interrupted between August and Whitsuntide. But we have often seen storm and tempest interpose when the little ships that are due with stores seek to approach the island.

Departure for the Mainland

Some of the best fishing waters in the kingdom surround St Kilda, but fish is not all. The loneliness, the isolation, the heavy mortality among infants, and the frequent departure of individual members of the community have reduced the population to 35, if we omit the nurse and the family of the missionary. These 35, of whom only eight are able-bodied men, have petitioned the Government to be removed for ever from St Kilda. They do not wish to go to another island.

They yearn for the mainland with its comfort, security, and employment, and they even said that granted this favour they would forgo the chance of settling as an established community and distribute themselves as units wherever the Government might suggest. Mr Adamson, the Secretary for Scotland, is to help them to settle on the mainland.

Painful Days of the Past

This is sad and surprising, for St Kilda has been inhabited without a break since Viking days. Things have been better of late years than they were; but in days remembered by people who visited the island before the era of improvement set in St Kilda was a byword.

The only money the natives had took the form of eggs, feathers, and oil from sea birds and such fish as they could export. They did all their work at home, in little huts said to be worse than those of an African kraal. The offal and bones of birds and fish formed the floors, and upon these kitchen fires were made, just as excavators find them in ancient lake dwellings.

Left to a Wren and a Sheep

In conditions of unutterable squalor nine children out of ten died in infancy. Pestilence visited the island, once reducing the population to four adults and 26 children; half the population once went off as a batch to Australia, and at another time a fifth of the men were drowned at one fell swoop. Their successors carried on, but now their cup is full, and they long to depart, leaving the island to a wren, unique in kind, and to a sheep which is always trying to revert from wool to hair.

There is something infinitely sad in this abandonment of an island. Who can think of an exiled Highlander without recalling the wistful lines written in Canada a hundred years ago?

From the lone sheiling of the misty island Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas, Yet still the blood is warm, the heart is Highland, And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

But those misty isles have little to give a man except their own grand beauty. Mrs Kennedy Fraser used to visit the isles when she was collecting Highland

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A motor-car has killed a young badger between Rydal and Windermere.

The interior of the human lung has been filmed in a Berlin hospital.

British Columbia schools are only to use books printed by British printers.

A miner of Carmarthen has left nearly £3000 in his will.

New fragments of Roman York have been found by workmen destroying old houses in the city.

The London Zoo is to be open till 11 o'clock at night on Thursdays until the end of August.

Foch on His Horse

A fine statue of Marshal Foch on his horse has been set up at Victoria.

Germany's Idle Men

Germany has 1,953,000 unemployed, an increase of 826,000 in a year.

2000-Year-Old Anchor

A Roman anchor of bronze, eleven feet long, has been recovered from Lake Nemi.

In Mexico Schools

Schoolchildren in various States of Mexico have been taught to sing special hymns against the use of alcohol.

Less Ploughland

Ministry of Agriculture figures for 1929 show a decrease in ploughland of 161,000 acres compared with the previous year.

Under Trafalgar Square

A Transforming Station is to be built under Trafalgar Square, but there will be no change in the appearance of the Square.

Our Deepest Coal

At Tilmannstone Colliery in Kent a seam of coal four feet thick has been struck more than 3000 feet down in the deepest shaft in England.

Scene of Wolsey's Shame

Esher Place in Surrey, where Cardinal Wolsey sought rest after his fall, has been sold to the Shaftesbury Society as a home for girls.

The Old Blind Man

An old man at Coalville in Leicestershire, who was blind from birth, has just died after being organist at the church for over fifty years.

Continued from the previous column

folk-songs, and she was told that a hundred years ago life could only be sustained by scaling the precipitous cliffs overhanging the sea, 800 to 1200 feet high, in order to snare the sea birds which nested there in millions, or to take their eggs.

Before a man was allowed to marry and burden the community with a family he was taken to the highest point and made to balance himself on the very edge with one foot. Then he had to throw the other foot into mid-air, and then both arms. If he survived he was allowed to wed.

The baby boys could be seen practising this on low rocks, and the people developed such skill that they could scale the cliffs wherever there was a hold for their finger-nails, and men of 90 could climb the precipices.

Because the isles are so begirt with storms they have kept their folk-songs and crafts and customs longer than the mainland. But now it seems that the days of homespun are over, and the weaving songs will be heard no more. Life in the Outer Hebrides has probably altered more in the last 20 years than in the previous 300 years, says Mrs Fraser.

Mrs Fraser did her work just in time. When the Hebrides are all desert islands and their folk are scattered in Glasgow slums, or in dull rows of new bungalows, the Hebridean songs will be forgotten by the children of those who made and sang them. Fortunately a musician, sitting beside old women in lonely sheilings, took down those songs from their lips some 25 years ago, and the music of the Hebrides is safe for all time.

THE ELECTRIC EYE

New Uses For It

The electric eye, which converts the feeblest ray of light into an electric current and is being used in all television experiments and in the Post Office system of sending pictures from London to Berlin and Copenhagen, is doing many wonderful things in other directions.

In America, for instance, the electric eye is being used to detect the amount of haziness in one of the big railroad tunnels. A beam of light from an electric lamp travels through three hundred feet of the tunnel and then falls on a photo-cell. If the atmosphere is full of exhaust gases, and is therefore hazy, the light is diminished in strength; and when the haze is more than a certain fixed amount the photo-cell or electric eye sends an alarm signal to the supervisor, who at once puts more ventilation through the tunnel. With the help of the photo-cell in this way it will be possible to keep the air of long railway tunnels pure without any other help.

The Wonderful Photo-Cell

Photo-cells are already in use for switching on the lights of streets and factories at dusk.

A good idea of how sensitive a modern photo-cell is to changes of light can be seen from an experiment carried out in a big film studio the other day. One of these electric eyes was being used to measure the strength of the electric light in the studio. A man standing near the photo-cell blew out a cloud of cigarette smoke and this passed in front of the cell. The slight effect of this puff of smoke in a studio lighted with many millions of candle-power was sufficient to show on the indicator.

Many printing and textile machines are being operated today by means of stencils through which light can penetrate and fall on the cell. Whenever a perforation in the stencil allows the light to get through the cell creates an electric current which switches on the printing mechanism.

Helping the Analyst

Another wonderful thing the cell can do is to help the chemist in making a very delicate analysis. One of the things an analyst has to do most often is to add, drop by drop, a solution of some known strength into the substance he is testing; at a certain critical point a change in colour takes place in the glass vessel holding the liquid, and from this change he is able to tell the strength of the material which he is analysing.

These colour changes are sometimes very slight and require very great skill to detect. The electric eye, however, is thousands of times more sensitive than the human eye, and thus it happens that it is being applied in chemical laboratories to help the analyst, making his work quicker and more accurate.

KEEP YOUR CHURCHYARD BEAUTIFUL

A reader of the C.N. reports a village custom which seems to us worthy of note.

He was cycling in Derbyshire off the beaten tracks when, passing a village church, he noticed a quite unusual number of people in the graveyard. Alighting to see what was being done, he found a number of men and women busy cleaning and tidying "God's acre."

The men were carrying pails of water from the brook and the women were scrubbing the gravestones. Where the graves were only mounds they were being weeded, plants were being tended, and flowers were being renewed. The place was being cared for with zealous devotion and had none of the untidiness that so often saddens those who pass by our churchyards.

He found that this kindly task was voluntarily undertaken with regularity as a duty of village life.

This seems to us a very beautiful thing and an example that might well be imitated.

The name of the village is Compstall.

STANLEY OF THE ZOO

£50 A WEEK TO FEED HIM

Can the Zoo Afford to Let Him Grow Up?

A REMARKABLE CREATURE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A young elephant-seal captured off the Falkland Isles is the latest attraction at the Zoo, but the appearance of this new animal will probably be a disappointment to his visitors.

For the elephant-seal is so-called because, when full-grown, his snout is like an elephant's trunk and over a foot long, while the length of his body is frequently as much as twenty feet and his body is immensely fat, as he is full of blubber. But as Stanley, the Zoo's example, is but a baby he looks more like an ordinary seal than one of the great seals from the Arctic and Antarctic Seas.

Cramped Quarters

He is little more than five feet long, and his nose, instead of being large and protuberant, is merely unusual because it seems crinkled and particularly mobile. Nor is Stanley able to show what an amazingly swift and beautiful swimmer the elephant-seal can be. But this is not his fault; it is the fault of his accommodation at the Zoo, for, though a special pond has been made for him, it is a small and narrow pond in which he has too little space.

Yet, although Stanley may be a disappointment if regarded simply as the Zoo representative of the elephant-seal, he is a delightful addition to the menagerie. He is tame enough to be visited in his enclosure and his antics are amusing. When out of water his body gives the impression of being made of rubber, for it is so pliable that he can bend it into extraordinary positions; and when in water he has a habit of disappearing for several seconds and then coming to the surface and making a loud hissing noise.

A Huge Appetite

At feeding-time his appetite is a source of great amusement, for he eats thirty pounds of fish a day. Even these rations are considered moderate by an adult elephant-seal, for a full-grown specimen is said to eat 1000 pounds of fish a day in captivity, so that if the Zoo manages to keep Stanley until he grows up he will then cost about £50 a week to feed! Can the Zoo afford to let him grow up?

Unfortunately the Zoo's hopes of rearing him are very slender, for, like the walrus, the elephant-seal finds our climate too stuffy. *Picture on page 9*

A YOUNG MAN WAITING

Marino Roenne is the right sort of man. He does not mean to grow old just because the years go by.

He is 69, and has just returned from the Antarctic with Commander Byrd; more than that, he has enlisted for the next Polar expedition if Byrd should go South again.

While others of his age say mournfully that they are waiting for the call to rest this indomitable Norseman is waiting for the call to adventure. The C.N. is written for children like that.

YOU CANNOT FOOL A HEN

You cannot fool a chicken. That is the view, at any rate, of the United States Department of Agriculture, which has issued an official warning that no chemicals given to fowls will make them lay more eggs.

There are many special preparations sold which are stated to make hens lay more, but the hen cannot be forced.

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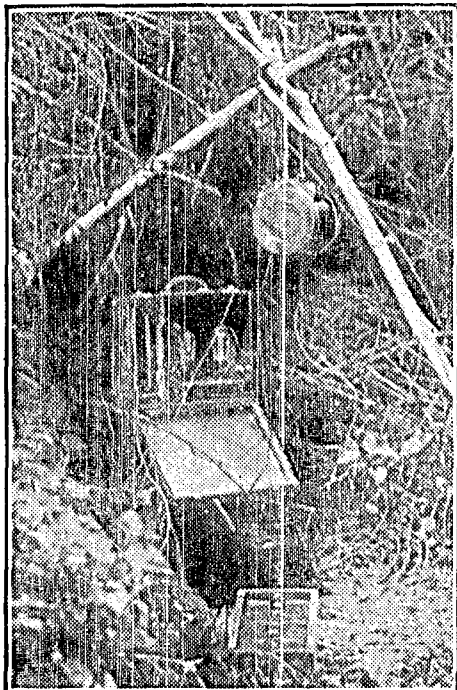
ST PAUL'S OPEN AGAIN · A BIG BABY · NIGHTINGALE'S MICROPHONE



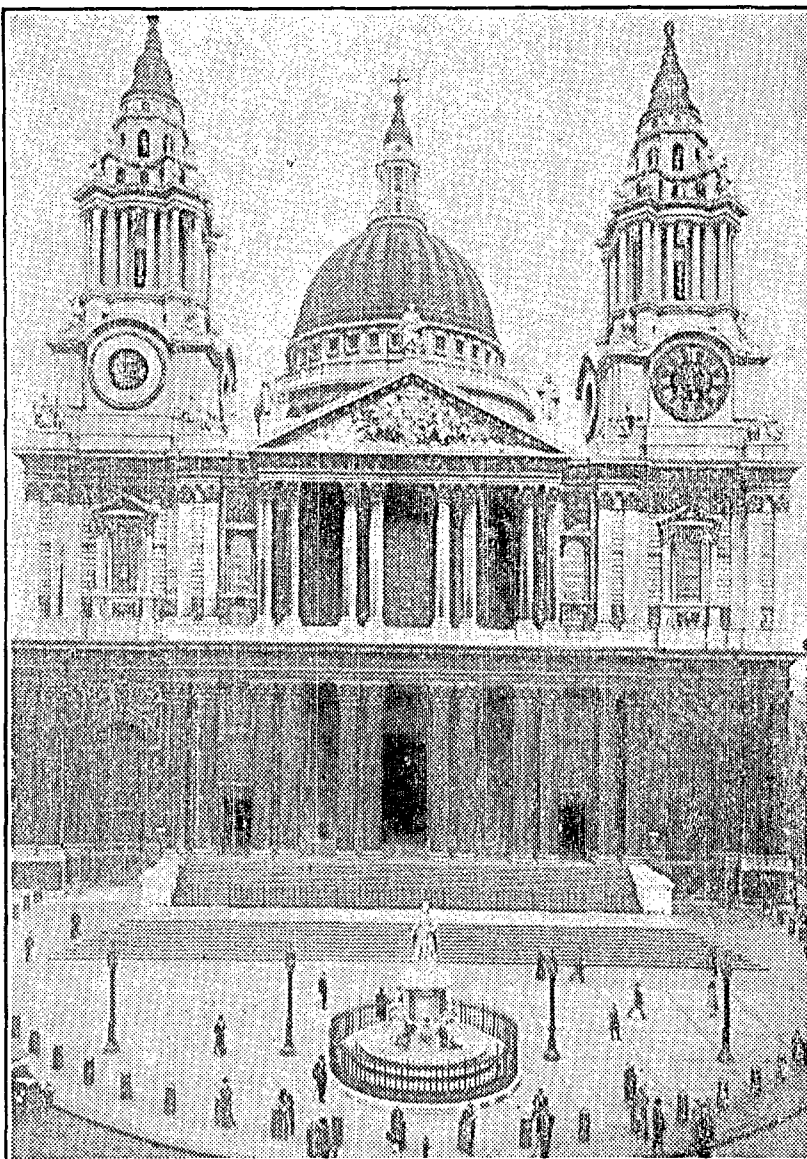
Watching and Waiting—A North American raccoon at the London Zoo is here seen climbing a tree to look out for visitors who may have morsels of food to give to it.



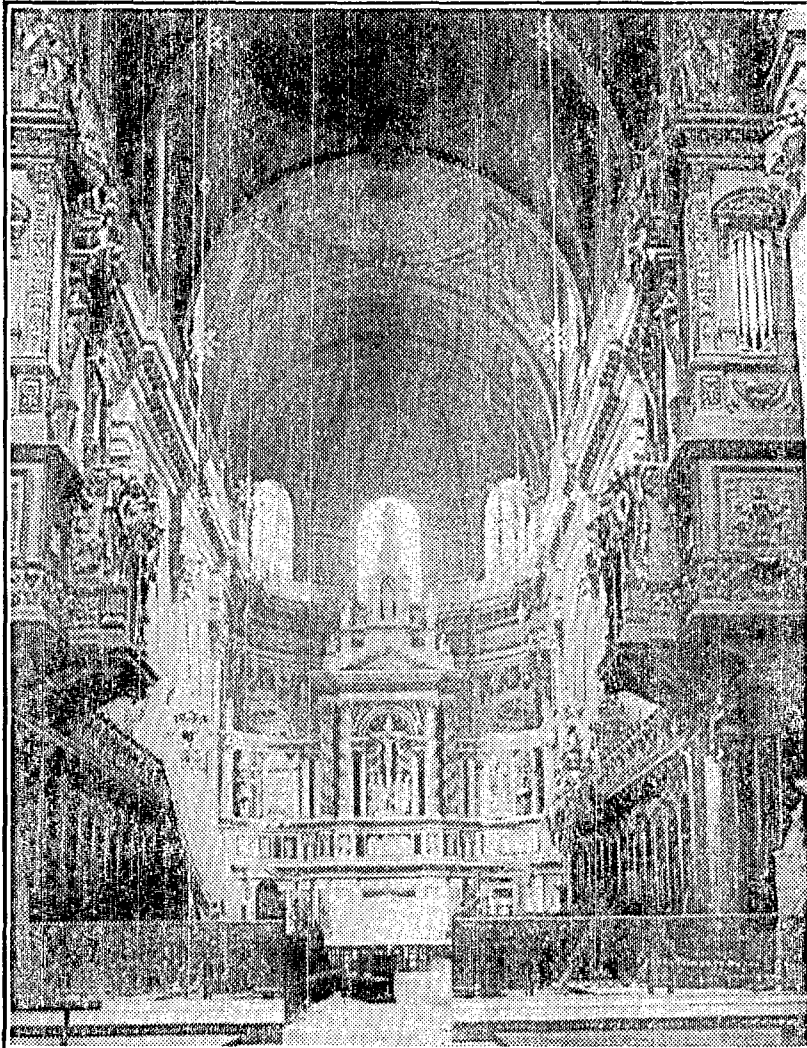
A Tennis Favourite—Though Miss Betty Nuthall's form has not been so consistently good this year she is likely to be one of the most popular players at Wimbledon. She is seen here, on the left, coming off a court after a recent match.



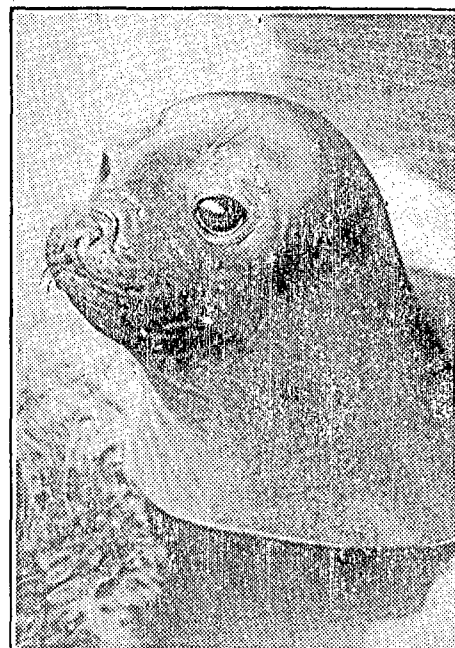
Broadcasting the Nightingale—This picture shows the microphone which picked up the song of a nightingale in a Berkshire wood when it was broadcast recently.



The Dome of London—St Paul's Cathedral has at last been made safe after years of costly work, and should give no cause for anxiety for many generations to come.



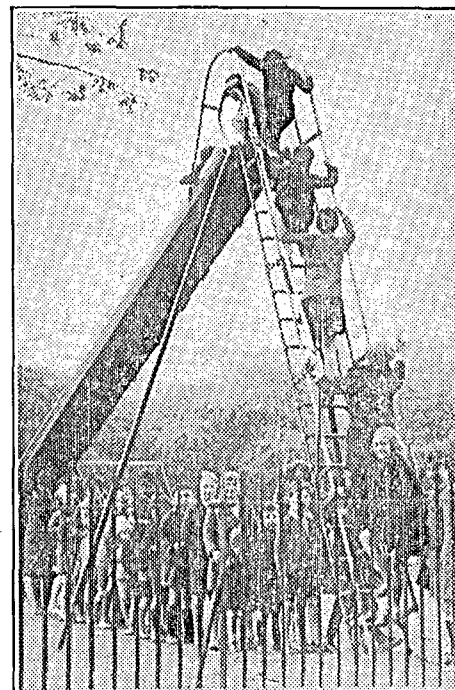
Wren's Masterpiece—Next week, on June 25, the King will attend a great thanksgiving service for the restoration of St Paul's. Here is a view of the High Altar and the Choir, long hidden from the public by scaffolding.



A Big Baby—This baby elephant-seal has recently arrived at the London Zoo from the Falkland Islands. He is about five feet long and his antics are very amusing. See page 8.



A Horse at School—The splendid horses of the London Mounted Police are given a very thorough training at Imber Court before they begin their work in the crowded streets. Here we see a young horse learning his duties.



A Queue for the Slide—The children who play in Regent's Park have been delighted by the erection of swings, roundabouts, and slides. These boys and girls are trying the new slide.

MILK AND WHAT WE DO WITH IT

Baby's Food and Daddy's Buttons

THE SURPRISES OF THE DAIRY NOWADAYS

A new turn has been given to the controversy over what is considered the excessive summer prices charged for milk in England.

In Leicestershire, for example, there has been such a flood of milk from the farms that the supply has to be sent to market to fetch what it will.

A scientist has urged us not to protest against the prices charged, saying the product is worth the price, seeing the extraordinary care and expense voluntarily undertaken by the great dairy companies to give us what is probably the finest milk supply in the world.

That is an important point, but it still seems grievous that, with milk so necessary for children, high prices should keep it from them in one part of the country while milk has to be practically given away or used for animals in another part.

Moving Line in King Lear

Still there are always great quantities of milk which do not reach the dairy. Supposing that most moving line in the whole of Shakespeare's *King Lear*, "Pray you, undo this button," were altered and the dying king made to say "Pray you, undo this compressed milk!" what a terrible anti-climax it would be!

Yet it is very probable that actors who play the part of the tragic king do button their tunics with milk. Few of us realise the great number of uses to which milk from the cow is put.

Milk is not only a drink. It furnishes cream, butter, and cheese; its albumen becomes whey, a vital ingredient of the Devonshire and Somerset junkets; its lactose, like whey, enters into delicate and nutritious foods for invalids and infants. Finally there is left over another by-product, casein.

Casein, when isolated and squeezed, becomes solid, and can be used like imitation ivory. It is made into all sorts of buttons for all sorts of garments. It gives the hairbrush its "ivory" back; it makes combs for the hair; it makes studs for men's collars; it can be turned into glue and paste and size.

THE STREET ARAB'S HOPE

What Are You Going To Do?

"Drive back 17 years and stop at Seaside House," says the Earl of Arran to the cabman, in the mood of Barrie.

He wants to get back to 1913 because he is honorary treasurer of the Children's Country Holidays Fund. In that year 46,000 children went from the slums for a fortnight's holiday in the country. Last year only 32,000 went; nevertheless, the Fund sent more children than its bank balance warranted.

In the days before the war it cost about 15s to give one child a cottage holiday, and now it costs about 28s. The parents contribute something to the cost, but when people are underfed they cannot spend much on holidays, and of course it is the underfed child who needs a holiday most. Very poor parents gave £16,700 to the Fund last year, a sum which must have meant real sacrifice. The Fund, which was founded by Canon Barnett in 1884, has many generous friends, but it must have many more if it is to get back to 1913.

On the sweet-scented turf of a cliff top, or stretched on the sand, holiday-makers will surely be all the happier if they have helped to take one child out of the stuffy streets into the country. The Fund's headquarters are at 18 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2, and it knows of thousands of poor children who need a holiday and a helping hand.

THIS IS CRICKET

Two Stories of the Field

There is an expression we all know applied to anything mean or shady.

We say of this or that dishonourable act that it is not cricket, and the rebuke is a hard one. Not for nothing has cricket earned for itself the enviable reputation of being the most manly and gentlemanly of all sports. The present season has not been long in progress, but two outstanding stories of chivalry on the field have come to light.

The first concerns Mr Root, who plays for Worcestershire. The batsman to whom he was bowling hit the ball and began to run. It was only a short, risky run, which he might never have attempted had his side been in a better position, and in the middle of the pitch he had the misfortune to collide heavily with his partner, injuring himself. The ball was returned to Mr Root, who stood with it against the wicket. He had only to dislodge one bail and the batsman would have been out.

Well Played, Sir

But to Mr Root that would have been like hitting a man while he was down, so he chivalrously refrained from doing so, and by that gentlemanly act on the part of a Worcestershire player Glamorgan, who were the opponents, were enabled to avert defeat. We should like to take our hats off to Mr Root, and heartily say "Well played, sir!"

The other story concerns Mr Duleepsinhji, of Sussex, who is nobly carrying on the traditions of his famous uncle, known to all cricket lovers as Ranji. His team were playing Derbyshire, and were faring none too well when the bowler hit Mr Duleepsinhji's wicket without knocking the bails off. Strictly speaking he was not out, but the batsman imagined something of the disappointment a bowler feels when he is unlucky enough to hit the wicket without dislodging the bails. So he adopted a sporting attitude and surrendered his wicket. Again we should like to say "Well played, sir!"

We commend these little stories to all boys both young and old.

A BETTER THING FOR THE MINERS

Quite a new kind of explosive, which has no flame and is not inflammable, has been invented for the coal miner, and should do something toward lessening his risks.

This is a small metal bottle containing carbon dioxide very tightly compressed and a charge of chemicals which is itself fired by an electric wire. The compressed carbon dioxide, for the time being in liquid form, is suddenly heated by the hot chemicals until it turns again into gas at enormous pressure and blows the steel bottle to pieces.

The explosion is slower than that of any of the explosives ordinarily used in coal mines, and a good result of this is that the coal comes away in big lumps with far less slack and coal dust.

THE WORLD'S NEED FOR IRON

We can have no better assurance that the world is progressing than that last year it produced 119 million tons of iron as compared with 75 million tons in 1913. So for every 100 tons produced 16 years ago 160 tons were produced in 1929, which is very remarkable when we remember what troubled years they were. Who can doubt that the wheels of progress will soon be going again and that the world's mighty iron-fighters will be called upon for yet greater quantities of man's most valuable tool?

The four greatest iron countries are America, Germany, France, and England, and each of them may expect to share in the advance.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK

The Quiet Village Parson

On June 26, 1793, died Gilbert White.

One of the best known Englishmen who ever lived was a very quiet clergyman who was born in a small Hampshire village, lived there nearly all his life, except when he was at Oxford, was curate there for nearly forty years, and died there in the house he was born in.

Few people outside his family can have known him, except some with whom



Gilbert White

he corresponded because they had hobbies like his own, for the book by which he has been known ever since, and will be known as long as the English language is read, was only published four years before his death in his seventy-third year.

There has never been a more remarkable instance of fame gathering steadily round the life of a man because of the way that life was spent in rural solitude. The man was Gilbert White, who was born at Selborne on July 18, 1720.

His father, John White, was a barrister who had eleven children, of whom Gilbert was the eldest, and his grandfather was the vicar of Selborne. Of his five brothers who grew up two became clergymen and two successful business men. All four had scientific hobbies like Gilbert's. It was a singularly united family, keeping touch with one another by visits and correspondence.

Gilbert went to school at Basingstoke, his master at the grammar school being Thomas Warton, the father of two sons, one a poet-laureate. The Warton boys were fellow-scholars with White. Going on to Oriel College, Oxford, Gilbert was elected to a fellowship, and became proctor and dean of his college.

His Life's Work

The rest of his life's work was as a curate; but what he did that has made him famous was to watch, hourly and daily throughout the year for 42 years, the outdoor life of birds, animals, and plants, and to keep a careful record of all he observed in the little parish where he lived.

These observations of life and of natural phenomena he compared year by year, and he wrote an account of them to friends which later made up a book comprehensive enough to be called, *The Natural History of the village*.

A book so gathered together from letters is of course very mixed in its character. Many of the letters were written without any idea of publication. That, and the fact that they were written with the freedom natural to a letter at a time when the writing of letters was much more practised than it is now, gave them an attraction greater than would have belonged to a more formal book or essay. But, besides that, Gilbert White had a style of his own, simple and humorous, that suits his observation of country life.

First Book of Its Kind

And, most of all, he was a keen and sure observer, absorbed in his watchings and able to tell exactly what he had noticed. His was the first book of its kind to be written, that is from love of the simple common sights of country life, and written in a way that makes the reader feel it is literature. Hundreds of such books on Nature have been written since in far finer words, but none has caught men's attention quite in the same natural way.

And so it comes about that Gilbert White, who centred his life on one little place, remains known and admired throughout the world to a degree that he never dreamed of.

KING ARTHUR

A Legendary Figure Who Puzzles the World

WAS HE MAN OR MYTH?

Cornwall in a few weeks' time will witness, probably at Truro, one of the strangest congresses ever held.

Great scholars from all parts of Europe and America are to assemble to discuss King Arthur, to pool their knowledge, to explain their theories, and, if possible, to come to some agreement as to whether such a man ever existed outside the pages of our literature.

If we read Geoffrey of Monmouth uncritically we feel that King Arthur was a real man, a great hero of noble and valiant life, the last of the line of mingled Roman and British descent to resist the invasion of our land by our barbarous Saxon ancestors. Geoffrey, the romantic scholar monk, never meant us to doubt, but the probability is that he concocted one of the biggest forgeries preserved in our national records.

Fact and Fiction

He desired it to be thought that he got the bulk of his Arthurian facts from Brittany, but there seems no doubt that such facts as he used he took from Nennius, an eighth-century writer; and therefore a writer who was three centuries older than himself.

Nennius was a sober scholar and did write of a King Arthur; but it is thought that he only included in his book legends which may have had no foundation in reality. Geoffrey was a writer with a vivid imagination, with a great gift of language, and a passionate pride in his native land; and he seems to have invented the Arthurian legend.

If there was a King Arthur he must have lived at the end of the fifth century. Except echoes of his story found here and there in a Welsh ballad there is nothing of him in writing until the meagre story of Nennius three hundred years later. When Geoffrey wrote the Normans were settling down as masters of England, mixing on equal terms with the Saxons, of whose national history the conquerors knew very little. The monkish scholar resolved to give them something which would make them esteem, even beyond its merits, the prize the sword had gained and equitable conduct was now making fit for heroes.

The Invention of Merlin

So he linked up early Britain with Rome at the Eternal City's founding, and then traced the story back to Troy, so that it came about, in his showing, that the early British kings, having come from Rome and to Rome from Troy, had a goddess for their ancestress. And, in order that the supernatural might not be lacking in British history, he invented Merlin and his wizardries.

This purely British story crossed to Europe and was adorned and embroidered by minstrel and troubadour, to come home again and be given a new form in the glorious language of Sir Thomas Malory. It is curious that Shakespeare never went to Malory or to the Arthurian legend in Geoffrey. What a golden lode Tennyson and our other later poets have found it!

These are the things the conference in Cornwall is to talk about.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting by J. van Huysum . . .	£1995
Painting by Moreland . . .	£529
Painting by Canaletto . . .	£525
Water-colour by J. C. Cotman . . .	£378
French Book of Hours . . .	£220
Queen Anne coffee-pot . . .	£200
Panel of Flemish tapestry . . .	£133
Queen Anne armchair . . .	£100

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THE RETURN OF MARS IN THE EARLY MORNING SKY

Invisible Jupiter Passes Behind
the Sun

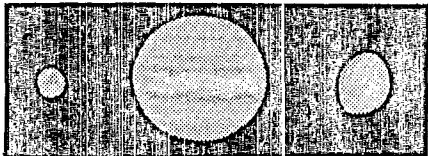
TWO PLANETS GETTING BRIGHTER

By the C.N. Astronomer

Early on June 23 the planet Mars will appear close to the crescent Moon, and if the sky be fine and clear it should be easy to identify this rosy-tinted world which has been absent from us for so long.

Mars should be looked for between three and four o'clock in the morning. He does not rise till nearly half-past two (somewhat to the left of due east), so about half an hour after he should be easily discerned. The crescent Moon will be above Mars, between four and five times her own diameter away, and so will be a good guide to ensure finding what is at the present time a not very conspicuous planet.

As the Sun rises at a quarter to five the time for observation will be rather short, particularly when the rising dawn



The apparent sizes of Mars, Jupiter, and Venus at the present time

is taken into account. If field-glasses are available they will help not only in finding Mars but in lengthening the time during which he may be observed.

Mars and Jupiter will soon be seen to be approaching one another, though just at present Jupiter appears much too near the Sun to be visible; as a matter of fact, he passes behind the lower part of the Sun on Friday, June 27, vanishing behind the left side and emerging from the right.

Of course this cannot be seen owing to the intense radiance of the Sun; but we know that it takes place because astronomers know just where all these worlds and suns will be at any given hour, and consequently when they get in front of one another, as seen from our point of view in space. On this occasion Jupiter is known astronomically to be in conjunction with the Sun.

A Long Pursuit

Although Jupiter, which was such a splendid feature of the night sky during the past winter and spring, has now vanished, our readers may thus know just where he is. Indeed we may still trace his movements until he appears again, for, after emerging from behind and far beyond the Sun, Jupiter will in three or four weeks' time be visible in the early morning sky; having much greater lustre, he may then be seen to (apparently) pursue the rosy-tinted Mars.

Although Jupiter will then appear less than the length of the Plough behind Mars it will be a very long pursuit, for it will not be until nearly the end of September that Jupiter will appear to catch up to Mars—that is, as seen from the Earth.

Actually hundreds of millions of miles always separate them; sometimes more, sometimes less. At present Mars is about 180 million miles away from us, while Jupiter is about 575 million miles distant. We learn thus how very far Mars is from Jupiter, and that Mars is actually nearer to us than to Jupiter; and he will remain so.

Both planets are approaching the Earth, and they will slowly get brighter until by November they will be the glory of the evening sky when Venus, its present glory, has departed. G. F. M.

C. L. N.

THE LADY WITH THE BIG HOUSE

How to Turn Strangers Into
Friends

YOUR TURN NEXT

Number of Members—16,908

There is a lady with a big house and a brood of grown-up children who could not endure the emptiness about her, and so she decided to take young foreigners into her home while they learned English.

Boys and girls came to her from places as far apart as Sweden and Japan. She taught them English and showed them London. They were charming, and they were happy, but of course they had attacks of homesickness at times. She had a wonderful cure for that.

Every Sunday afternoon the whole party went to the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich armed with newspapers, tobacco, fruit, or sweets. There sailors of all races are nursed. Three times she found a foreign sailor who could not understand what the doctors said and who was overjoyed to be visited by a compatriot.

If you were a Danish sailor, unable to guess what your illness was, and unable to tell the nurse what you wanted, how thankful you would be to the little Danish maiden who came one Sunday afternoon and made everything clear. As for the little Danish maiden, she would soon forget her homesickness in her joy at being able to help a sick countryman.

The Welcome Committee

The students who lodged with that wise lady were never lonely or homesick long. But there are many other foreigners in England who do not possess so good a friend. For their sakes the League of Nations Union has appointed a Welcome Committee which seeks to introduce foreign guests to English hosts, and so turn strangers into friends.

It is a splendid bit of peace propaganda. Hatred springs from ignorance. When the nations understand each other they will cease to hate each other, says the League; and so it wants to get as many English folk as possible to invite foreigners to tea, to supper, and to spend week-ends.

Such practical little bits of work should make us all the readier to back up the Children's League of Nations. Who will join next?

How to Join the League

All correspondence should be addressed:



The C.L.N. Badge

C.L.N.,
15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. Office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and Badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

INHERITED MEMORY

An observant reader describes a case of animal action which he thinks suggests that memory may be inherited.

A cat, which lived to a good age, for years had a saucer of milk placed for it in an outhouse in the garden. The cat had kittens, caught a cold, and died.

The kittens were brought up by feeding with a bottle. The first time they were able to go into the garden they made their way to the outhouse and sniffed expectantly around the exact spot where their mother's saucer had always been placed.

Was it only chance, or was there an inherited memory?

Alcohol is Bad for You

THE WHALE MEN OF THE SKY

The Latest Ship to Leave
the Tees

A ship has been launched on the Tees which might be better described as a floating factory and aerodrome.

She is the Sir James Clark Ross, named after the Antarctic explorer, and she belongs to a Norwegian firm although built by a British one.

This whaler tanker of 19,500 tons dead weight is said to be the first whaler driven by motor. She has twin-screw Diesel engines, enormous tanks for storing oil, and a complete whaling factory.

She carries an aeroplane. No longer will a lookout strain his eyes all day for that white jet which brought forth the joyous cry "She blows!" An aeroplane will find the whales, the tanker will move to the neighbourhood, small chasers will set out to do the killing, and soon the factory will be at work turning blubber into oil.

The owners will know when a whale is sighted as soon as the captain of the vessel, for a wireless installation will keep them in touch with all that goes on. Antonio would not have been so near to losing his pound of flesh to Shylock if his argosies had carried wireless sets like this vessel.

Wonderful are the inventions which have banished the old sailing-ship and the old harpooner and have made it possible to send a factory to sea. But it would have been still more wonderful if someone could have invented synthetic whale oil.

THE GOOD TRAMP

The good tramp was an honest one. He paid his way.

He was a Canadian tramp who, having received food and shelter at a Salvation Army hostel, went on his way and found work. As soon as he had earned enough he sent two dollars to the mayor of the town of Hamilton which had sheltered him. He thought his first earnings should go to pay the debt he owed to the hostel.

There are not so many tramps in England as there used to be. Canada and the United States have more, and this determination of one of them to "owe not any man" seemed so astonishing that the act was recorded in the newspapers.

Someone once said that there was honour among thieves, which we take leave to doubt; but we are sure there is honesty among tramps. There is a little haven of rest for them in Rochester, which Charles Dickens knew and wrote about, where four tramps a night have rested for centuries. It could tell of honest men and true who have been grateful for its charity.

THE DRINK BILL

Mr George Wilson, who is probably the closest student of the Drink Bill in this country, points out that even in these hard times far more money is being spent on Drink than is paid in income tax, or collected in rates, or spent on national defence or public education.

For every pound spent on railways £1 4s is spent on Drink, and the contrast in other directions is equally striking. The last figure in this column is the sum spent on Drink for every £1 on the other things:

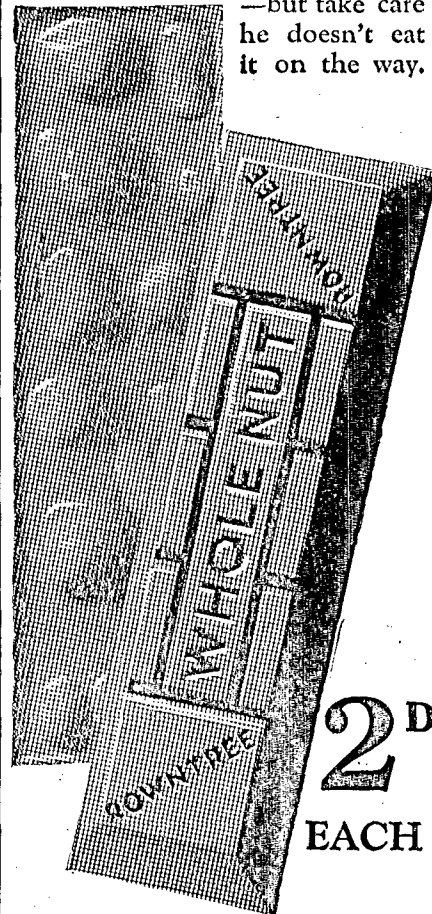
£1 on Rates	£1 9s
£1 on Defence	£2 11s
£1 on Education	£2 19s
£1 on Milk	£3 3s
£1 on Bread	£3 12s
£1 on War Pensions	£5 6s
£1 on Peace Pensions	£4 18s
£1 on Unemployment	£5 8s
£1 on Health Insurance	£7 10s
£1 on Police	£14 7s
£1 on Hospitals	£20 12s

The British Drink Bill for last year was nearly £289,000,000.

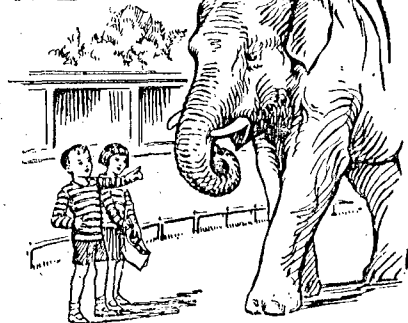
"Ask Daddy"

Ask Daddy to bring Rowntree's
Whole Nut Stick home to-night

—but take care
he doesn't eat
it on the way.



The Kolynos Kiddies No. 2



The Kolynos Kiddies
Once went to the Zoo
With buns for the bears
And the elephants too.

They said to old Jumbo:
"Your tusks aren't white."
YOU ought to use Kolynos
Morning and night!

Kolynos whitens even neglected teeth. It makes them a shade whiter every day until the enamel is pearly, glistening and pure as it ought to be.

Half-an-inch of Kolynos on a dry tooth-brush each time is enough to search out the particles of food from between the teeth, to harden the gums, and leave the mouth free from the harmful acids which bring decay. Kolynos gives a delightful foam, and leaves a delicious clean feeling in the mouth.

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Great Story

Captain of Claverhouse

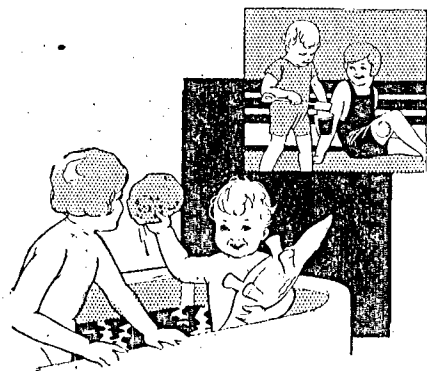
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AN ENGINEER'S DREAM WHY NOT MAKE ENGLAND A PENINSULA?

Scheme for Pumping Dry
100,000 Miles of the North Sea

BACK TO THE PAST

Following on the project now well under way to drain the Zuyder Zee, German engineers have put forward a plan to pump out 100,000 square miles of the North Sea.

Two great dykes would be built. The greater one from the Wash and Spurn Head across the North Sea by the Dogger Bank to the tip of Denmark where the Skager Rak opens the way to the Baltic. The other would start from the northern side of the Thames about Shoeburyness in Essex, across the Estuary, and round the Isle of Thanet to Dover, where the dyke would become a dam which, having crossed the English Channel to Calais, would become a dyke again stretching up to the Hook of Holland.

The Thames at Dover

Behind the English part of this second dyke the Thames would be conducted to the sea at Dover, and behind the French and Belgian wall the Scheldt flowing from Antwerp and the Rhine now pouring out into the sea through various channels between Rotterdam and Dordrecht would be led to discharge at Calais.

The northerly dyke from the Wash to the Skaw, the northernmost tip of Denmark, seems on the whole the easier one to build because its base would rest on an undersea cliff that already spans the 500-mile crossing. If the nations of Europe all sank their differences and forgot their fears, and so became enabled to give their engineers the labour, energy, and money now spent on armaments, such a dyke would be brought from the country of dreams into the land of possibilities. When built, or while building, the more southerly dykes and dams would follow. What then?

A Million Years Ago

The enclosed lake would be pumped dry as the Zuyder Zee is being drained now. It is a question of scale. When this was done the map would begin to resemble that of a geological age when, more than a million years ago, England was not an island but was united to the mainland of Europe and the Thames flowed the other way.

On the drained bed of the sea railways would be built to replace the steamer routes from Harwich to the Hook of Holland or Antwerp in Belgium or to Esbjerg in Denmark; from Dover to Ostend, or Queenborough to Flushing.

There would be no steamers from the Thames to the northern capitals of Europe. Such as did sail from the Port of London, from Tilbury or Rochester, would follow the line of the Thames, enclosed between the present Kentish coast and the new raised embankment, till they found an outlet at Dover. German boats from Hamburg, Belgian from Antwerp, Dutch from Rotterdam, would find their way down the doubly embanked Rhine to Calais.

A Grandiose Scheme

What compensation would the world receive for its lost sea, and what would replace for East Anglia, Northern France, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark their lost seaboard? Before this grandiose scheme can ever come to fruition this century will have gone, sea-going ships will have been supplemented by airships, and the sea-bathers of Cromer or Yarmouth, Ostend or Scheveningen, will belong to a past era.

Their place will have been taken by a new population dwelling in towns great and small on the new country, almost

UNIVERSAL BAD TRADE

Unemployment
Everywhere

THE THREE GREAT INDUSTRIAL NATIONS

We hear a great deal of British bad trade and unemployment and not so much of conditions abroad. It is the unfortunate fact that trade is depressed throughout the world, in every country without exception, old and new.

The three chief industrial nations are America, ourselves, and Germany, and each of these countries counts its unemployed workers by the million.

The conditions are also very bad in the younger countries. Canada, Australia, and Argentina are suffering severely from the reduced call for their commodities and the fall in prices.

Swiss Watch Trade

Even industries which have been built up by special skill, and are famed throughout the world, are badly hit. We know this to be true of our own shipbuilding, cotton, and woollen trades. It is also true of such a special thing as the Swiss watch industry, which has a unique position through its production of cheap but reliable timekeepers. Thousands are out of work in this trade, not because the industry itself is not as well managed and enterprising as ever, but because depression throughout the world has reduced its orders.

Another striking example is the Japanese cotton industry, which is modern and in every respect well organised. Some people have even said that Lancashire ought to profit by its example in some respects. There is great depression and unemployment in the Japanese cotton trade.

The Whole World Linked

We would not have our readers think for a moment that we rejoice because foreign nations are also suffering depression. We record the facts here because it is important that the universal character of the present trade depression should be grasped. We have here another illustration of the great truth that the whole world is now linked together for good or ill, and that what is bad for one country is bad for all.

There is every reason to hope that in the course of a year or two good trade will come again and that the world as a whole will move to fresh levels of prosperity.

Continued from the previous column

as big as Italy, which will have been set down on the bed of the sea. The 100,000 square miles will take a population of 20 million people. Europe could send its emigrants there instead of across the Atlantic. Amsterdam and Esbjerg would become inland cities, Dunkirk and Ostend would be set on the banks of the new Rhine. Hamburg would send its ships out by way of the Baltic, and we may expect that the Baltic would be made more navigable.

But the great developments of the future would be in the vast area reclaimed from the sea. Coal would certainly be found there, and oil probably. The mineral salts would supply the world. To whom would it belong? On the basis of international properties as they are assigned today Britain, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Germany would put in claims; but we are inclined to think that in the world of the future, when such things may come to pass, international claims would be sunk in the common endeavour which had created the new territory and it would be the common property of the world.



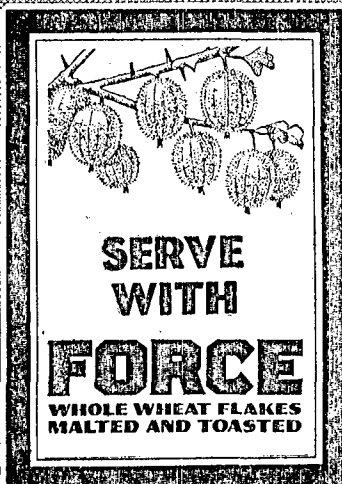
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NIGHTINGALES ACROSS THE SEA

Introducing Them to America

By Our Natural Historian

A C.N. statement that all attempts to acclimatise the nightingale in America had failed was challenged by the reminder that nightingales imported into the United States were still living. Unfortunately we were right. There are no live nightingales free in America.

It seems that the nightingales which have safely crossed the Atlantic were introduced into the aviary of Mr Edward Bok, of Merion Station, Pennsylvania, and were not set at liberty in the manner of many birds sent to New Zealand and Australia. At present only five of the little emigrants survive.

A letter from Mrs Bok tells us how the matter stands. They have lost many nightingales, mainly from accidental causes. In one instance a snake entered the aviary and ate a nightingale. On occasions when birds have seemed friendly two have been put together in one cage, with the distressing result that they have fought and killed each other. Presumably both were males.

Altered Habits

The five which are still alive seem unaffected by the change of climate so far as health is concerned, but their habits are completely altered. They start their song in February and end at the beginning of April instead of at the end of May and the beginning of June.

It still holds true, then, that so far America cannot acclimatise nightingales at large. The space is so vast that even if they survive winter in the open they drift apart and do not come together for the nesting season. They have often been kept for years in English aviaries, but at the time they should migrate the instinct to fly away is so powerful that they beat themselves on the bars of their cage.

What is Needed

Long experience of aviary life suggests that if they are to succeed in American aviaries they should be given the greatest space possible for unrestrained flight within bounds, and that no attempt should be made to pair or cage them. Where nesting sites are provided in thick bushes in the aviary, with shelter from wind and wet and the proper food and material given, they will mate and build their own nests unhelped if they desire to do so.

If a sufficient number of nightingales could be reared in such conditions, and the young ones accustomed from an early age to liberty beyond the confines of the aviary, they might gradually establish a local stock in freedom, and, beginning as the Pilgrim Fathers began, in a tiny area, slowly furnish the New World with a race from the Old World. That seems the only possible method of giving the United States a choir of resident nightingales. E. A. B.

MEN DO NOT WANT TO BE SOLDIERS

Again we are told by the Secretary of State for War, in a statement in the House of Commons, that there is a fall in the recruiting for the Army.

This is the more remarkable because of the existence of widespread unemployment among fit young men. The conclusion must be that the Army is increasingly unpopular.

On the other hand the Territorials show lately a slight increase in recruits, although the strength of the force is thousands less than last year. There has been a decline in the strength of Territorials for several years, the establishment being short of as many as 1016 officers.

MR WHITLEY'S TWO THRONES

A Fair Englishman

FROM THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR TO THE LOUD SPEAKER

Mr Whitley, the new Chairman of the B.B.C., was never a loud Speaker, but he was one of the fairest who ever sat in the House of Commons, and he is one of the fairest Englishmen among us.

As Speaker of the House of Commons he had for ten years a far harder audience to handle than the millions of listeners now under his charge. In England, when we say of a man that his abilities are fair; such praise is half-hearted, but the English people can pay no higher compliment to a man than to say that he is fair.

Winning the Praise of All

Fair in his dealings, fair as between man and man, was what Mr Whitley showed himself when he drew up the scheme of Whitley Councils to settle questions between masters and men.

He was fair also, manifestly fair, as Speaker, winning in that high and responsible office the praise of all parties and all men. As Speaker he had only to speak now and then; as Chairman of the B.B.C. he may not speak oftener, but he can be trusted to see that all our loud speakers are fair.

The Speaker of the House of Commons may be said to have a throne unique among the institutions of mankind. This may be said, too, of the Chairman of the B.B.C., and we wish Mr Whitley as happy a fame on the one as he enjoyed on the other.

THE DOG IN THE ROAD

A Kindly Thing Being Done for Him

We are very happy to correct a slip made in the C.N. the other day concerning the humane killers supplied to A.A. Scouts.

We find that this little act of humanity was done at the instance of the Canine Defence League, which has arranged with the A.A. that if the experiment should warrant the general adoption of the scheme the League shall provide pistols and instruct scouts in their use.

We are sorry that we attributed this good deed to another body and most gladly give credit where credit is due. All C.N. readers will be grateful to the Canine Defence League for this admirable thought.

CECIL SHARP AND HIS SONGS

Cecil Sharp, who gave back to the English people the old songs and dances which they were in danger of forgetting, is not to be himself forgotten.

The songs of Old England will always be a restored monument to his memory, but the memorial building, Cecil Sharp House, which has now been opened in Regent's Park, is to carry on his work.

Cecil Sharp's collections and books will be housed in the library, and in the open-air theatre of the garden English young men and maidens will dance again the country dances he preserved.

TONS OF TINS

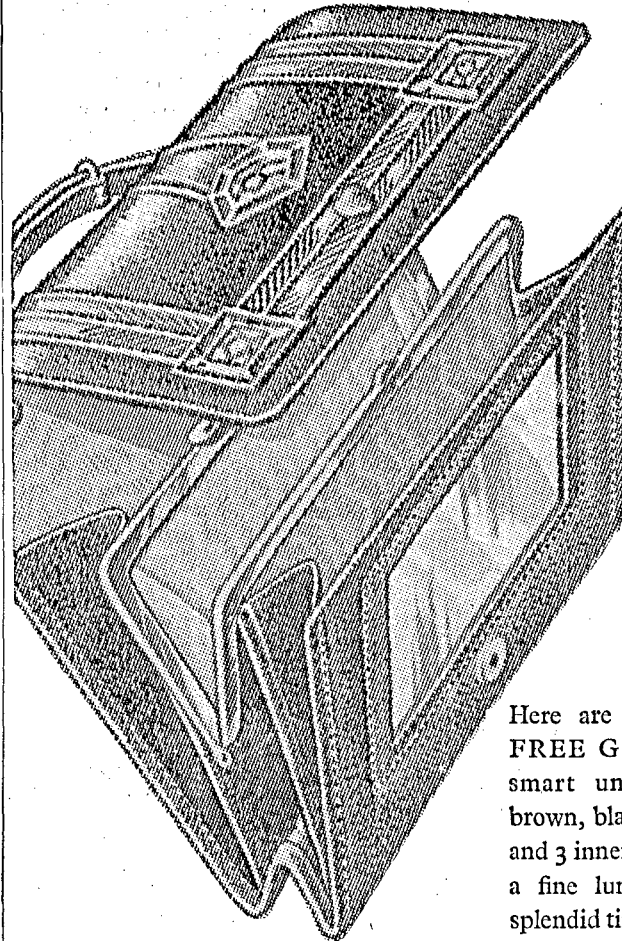
A Hartlepool reader, referring to a suggestion in a recent C.N., tells us that a West Hartlepool firm does considerable work in extracting tin from waste cans. They have to deal with 300 tons of tins to recover one ton of pure tin.

We are delighted to find such useful work being done, and we gladly give the name of the firm that does it; Batchelor & Robinson, of Longhill, West Hartlepool.

BY DAY AND NIGHT

One of the new knights, Sir Herbert Wright, was a weaver at Burnley, who worked in a mill by day and won a scholarship at South Kensington by studying at night.

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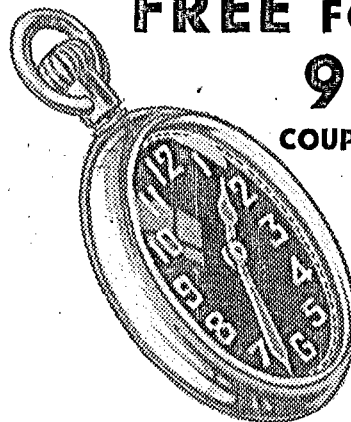
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CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 25 Gabe's Ghost

MARK chuckled softly over Jim's story. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, young Jim," he said, "humbugging your big brother like that." "It's not Don that's humbugged," retorted Jim. "It's that unpleasant person Redburn."

Mark laughed again. "Yes, it's all turned out very well. Couldn't have been better. Don is so straight that he can't understand a treacherous brute like Redburn."

"Don's the straightest chap alive," said Jim warmly, "and it's just because he is so straight that Redburn feels sure he's humbugged him."

"Take care he keeps on being sure," said Mark; "then he'll guide us straight to this secret harbour of Jansen's, and with a bit of luck I think we ought to come out on top. But here's the breeze. What about setting some sail and saving petrol?"

Don had already seen the dark ripple stealing across the glassy swell and was shouting to them to come and help to make sail. He told Chi to take the tiller while he and Mark and Jim and Parami hoisted the big mainsail. Very soon the schooner, under all plain sail, was lying over to a brisk breeze and fairly snorting through the water. When conditions suited her the Dolphin was very fast.

The sun was getting low and Jim relieved Chi at the tiller so that the Chinaman could cook supper.

When all was ready it was pleasant to sit down again to one of Chi's well-cooked meals. Don was eager, almost excited.

"If this breeze holds we ought to reach Jansen's harbour by tomorrow night," he said—"at least, that's what Redburn says."

"And when we get there, what then?" asked Mark quietly.

Don looked up sharply. "Why, we've got to settle him," he said.

"Five of us," said Mark in the same quiet voice, "against at least a dozen and probably more."

Don frowned. His was a downright nature. "But what else can we do?"

"Surely it's a case for strategy," smiled Mark. "We must use our wits if we want to get ahead of the Dutchman. We must try to get alongside before he has any idea of who we are."

"But he won't," said Don. "He can't have a notion that we've collared the Dolphin. He'll think it's his precious pal, Gabe Paran."

"Up to a point, yes, but once we're alongside he'll very soon spot his mistake. And it's just that minute or two that will make all the difference."

Don nodded. "I see. You're quite right, Mark. What are we to do?"

"That's just what we have to plan out," said Mark.

Jim spoke up. "Mark, you're thin; don't you think you could disguise yourself to look like Gabe?"

Mark laughed. "I might try."

"I don't suppose you could make yourself quite such an awful-looking buzzard," said Jim, "but if you painted a scar like his on your face it might humbug Jansen."

"I will try," promised Mark. "I'll certainly try." He turned to Don. "There's another thing. These Malay prisoners—couldn't we stick them up in the bow to add to the show? We could scare them into behaving nicely and keeping their mouths shut."

Don shook his head. "No," he said, with sharp decision. "Malays are treacherous, and I'm not going to risk it. There's a small island we shall reach in an hour or so. I'm dumping them there."

"Just as you like," agreed Mark.

"I'll keep Redburn. I must, for we need him to show us the way to this secret place of Jansen's. Now I'm going on deck to take the wheel and let Parami get his supper."

The breeze held and the Dolphin flung the miles behind her. In little more than an hour they came up under the lee of an islet, one of the hundreds of small atolls which strew these seas. Don hove to, they got the boat over, and Parami and Jim manned it. Then they put the prisoners in her with some food and some cooking pots.

"They won't starve," said Don. "There are plenty of coconuts and fish for the catching. Be careful with them, Jim," he added as the boat pushed off. "Don't untie them. You can leave them a knife so that they can cut one another loose."

He waited anxiously for the return of the boat, but all went well, and in less than

half an hour Jim and Parami were safe back.

"They're better off than they deserve," grumbled Jim. "It's a perfect peach of an island. Grub enough there for a regiment. Where's Mark?"

"He went below," said Don. "Slack off the sheets, Parami. I hate losing even half an hour of this breeze."

Don, turning to go to the wheel, was startled by a cry from Jim. He swung round sharply, and there coming up out of the hatch was such a villainous-looking head that he stopped short and stood gazing at it in blank astonishment.

"It's Gabe or his ghost," gasped Jim as he stared at the ugly scarred face with its bushy eyebrows and coarse hair.

The ghost gave a sudden laugh. "Will I do?" he asked.

Jim burst out laughing. "How did you manage it, Mark?" he exclaimed.

"Tow and paint mainly," said Mark, emerging on deck. "I used to be rather a dab at amateur theatricals. Do you think I shall be good enough to humbug Jansen?"

"You humbugged us all right," declared Jim.

"And now you'd better turn in," said Don. "You and Jim both. I'll take the watch and call you later."

"I could do with a bit of shut-eye," agreed Jim with a yawn. "It's been a strenuous day." He slipped below, and in five minutes was sound asleep.

It seemed no time at all before Don roused him, and the first thing he noticed in the light of the swinging lamp was that his brother's face had a very grave look.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Glass dropping badly," was Don's response. "Breeze failing, too."

"What's it mean—storm?"

"Some sort of nasty weather brewing. Keep an eye on the glass, Jim, and rouse me if you see a change." He dropped on the settee and was asleep even before Jim had left the cabin.

CHAPTER 26 Hurricane

WHEN Jim reached the deck he found that the breeze had died down so that the Dolphin had barely steerage way. The sky

was still clear but the air had a close, heavy feel. He looked at the glass. It was 29.2 and falling slowly. Mark was at the wheel.

"Don thinks there's a storm brewing," said Jim.

"A cyclone, I fancy," was the brief answer.

Jim whistled. "What makes him think that?"

"Look at the run of the sea and watch the sheet lightning playing on the horizon."

Jim began to realise that the Dolphin was pitching heavily in spite of the very light breeze and that the lightning which flashed in the distance was unusual in colour. It was of a greenish hue.

Whatever was coming it was not in a hurry, and when Parami and Chi Ling came up to relieve Jim and Mark conditions had not changed greatly. True, the swell had become somewhat heavier, the air seemed oddly moist and sticky and the glass was at 28.8; but the stars still shone and the Dolphin found just enough breeze to push her forward at about three knots. Jim told Chi what Don had said and went below. This time he undressed and turned into his own bunk. He was not awake for long, for it was some time since he had had a full night's sleep.

Jim woke with the impression that big guns were firing a broadside, but in a moment realised that the sound was that of seas pounding the bow of the schooner. The motion was terrific. He felt her rise, halt, then plunge down head foremost as though she were going straight to the bottom, only to rise and do the same thing all over again. The lamp pitched and jerked on its gimbals, and a cold grey light coming through the skylight overhead told that dawn had broken.

Jim leaped from his bunk and was at once flung clean across the cabin. He picked himself up and hung on with one hand while with the other he struggled into some clothes. Then he made his way up on deck. The wind seized him as he emerged. Never could Jim have believed that wind could have such a weight unless he had felt it. It tore his jacket open, it ripped at his hair, he felt he could hardly breathe for the force of it.

And the noise! The schooner was under bare poles yet the scream of the wind in her rigging was like the wild shrieking of a steam

siren. It was lightning at intervals and probably thundering, but the roar of the thunder was drowned in the yelling of the wind and the crashing of the seas. The water looked like great drifts of snow as spindrift, snatched from the top of the waves, blew in a pure white fog across the water. It plastered the deck of the schooner; it plastered Jim and nearly blinded him. Overhead clouds rolled in vivid, swollen masses. They flew at an incredible speed and their colour was a horrible sulphur-like yellow.

To Jim it seemed impossible that any ship could stand such a gale. For a while he was breathless, unable to move, even to think. Then, as he found that the schooner was still holding together and was actually travelling over the sea and not under it he pulled himself together, and feeling half ashamed of his panic he looked round for the others.

Don and Parami were together at the wheel. They were both lashed, and it seemed to take their combined strength to keep the schooner on her course. He saw Don beckon to him urgently and, seizing his opportunity, made a dash aft. Just as he got to them a sea broke and he shivered as he realised that but for his movement he must have been swept away like a straw into the maelstrom.

Don flung him a rope end and he tied it round his waist. Then Don pointed across the sea to windward, and suddenly Jim saw that they were not alone, that another ship was driving out there in the hurricane.

"The Stiletto?" cried Jim. He had to shout at the pitch of his voice to make himself heard. Don nodded. The great muscles stood out on his bare arms as he fought the bucking wheel.

"We sighted her just before it broke on us," Don shouted.

Jim stared at her. Like the Dolphin she was under bare poles. Every other moment her whole hull plunged into the tremendous hollows between the seas and disappeared. Then she would rise again and be flung upward so that half her coppered keel was plain to sight.

"Any chance for either of us?" Jim asked after a while.

"Slim," was the answer. "All right if we had sea room, but look!" Don pointed again and now Jim saw down to leeward a loom of land. Peaks towered against the savage sky and toward them the schooner was driving at frightful speed.

"Malaita?" questioned Jim, and Don nodded.

"What about the engine?" was Jim's next question.

"No good. Couldn't get her round. I ought to have hove to when it started, but I wanted to keep in sight of the Stiletto. Now it's too late." He paused. "Sorry, old man," he added.

"That's all right," said Jim, trying to smile. "Anyhow we might beach her."

"We might," Don answered, but Jim knew that Don had no real hope of anything of the sort. And, looking again toward the land, he saw that this was no coral-reefed atoll but a great volcanic mass with iron-bound cliffs against which the schooner would be crashed like an eggshell.

The wind grew worse. To Jim it had seemed when he first came on deck that it could not be worse, yet the blast which now beat upon the ship felt solid like lead. If they had not been tied all three would have been whipped from the deck like feathers. The Dolphin lay over at an appalling angle and Jim said to himself that she would turn turtle before ever she reached the land.

"Where's Mark?" Jim asked presently.

"Below. I told him to stay there. Chi is below too, in case we can use the engine. But I'll have to keep that to the last. We've barely twenty gallons of petrol left."

"And the Stiletto?" Jim asked.

"She's helpless."

"And the pearls aboard her," said Jim, but not loud enough for Don to hear. His thoughts were bitter. They had gone through so much and now—now Dad would not even know what had become of them; their father would be left alone, ill, helpless, with no one to look after him.

Time passed, and still the Dolphin floated and drove. She seemed to have as many lives as a cat. At last Don spoke again.

"Letting up a bit."

Letting up! Jim could see no sign of it. The clouds still raced overhead, the huge waves leaped like wolves, the wind raved furiously across the mad sea. Don looked across at the land now terribly close. It stretched east and west as far as eye could reach, half hidden by mist, yet the one solid thing in all this world of reeling water.

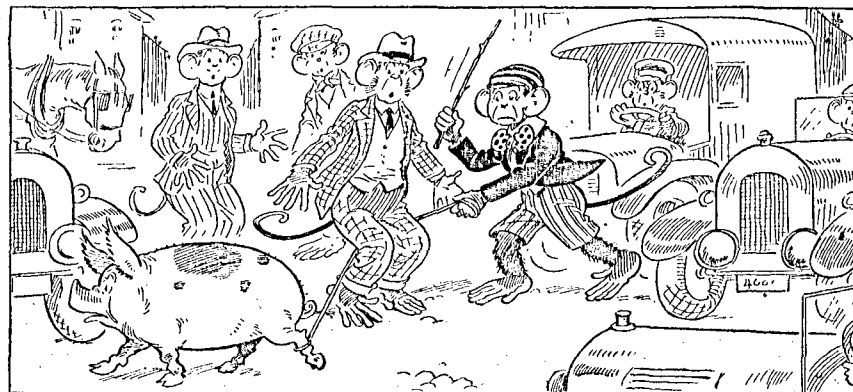
"But I'm afraid it's too late," Don added.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO GOING TO MARKET

POOR Mrs O'Flannagan was having a bad time with her pig, which was leading her a terrible dance. Jack felt quite sorry for her.

"You leave the brute to me, granny," he cried, as she came up, panting with her exertions. "Leave it to me. I'll take it to market for you."



There was a fine hullabaloo

Granny O'Flannagan looked at Jacko and a smile spread over her face.

"Well, you can try," she said. "And thank you kindly." And she sat down on a doorstep to watch the fun.

It wasn't much fun for Jacko. After trying a little gentle persuasion, which had no effect at all, he tied a bit of string to the pig's hind trotter and tried to lead it up the street.

The pig made a dash into the middle of the road and then stood still and refused to budge.

Being market day, the road was full of vehicles. The policeman ordered Jacko to get his animal out of the way, and to "be quick about it."

Jacko was willing enough, it was the pig that objected.

At last, in desperation, Jacko lifted his stick and gave the obstinate creature a good whack.

Up started the pig, and away it rushed, all among the traffic, for half a mile, with Jacko running helplessly after it.

And then, at the end of the High Street, the rascal suddenly turned and raced back as fast as it had come.

Jacko was so annoyed that he raised his stick to administer another whack when the pig suddenly darted behind an old gentleman.

With Jacko pulling one way and the pig pulling the other, the cord caught the old gentleman between the knees and sent him sprawling.

There was a fine hullabaloo.

"Here, I'll take me bould pig," cried Mrs O'Flannagan, pushing her way through the crowd. And, to everybody's surprise, the creature went off after her, as meek as a lamb.

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ORIENTAL PACKET

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Your teeth are Ivory Castles
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BRITISH MADE

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as illustrated, from 29/6 cash. (C) TOPPING, 73, Braunstone Gate, Leicester. Send for illustrated leaflet of toys. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 5/6, 3 lbs. 10/9. Excellent for Jumpers, Socks, &c. White, 3/10 lb. Superior Mixtures, 4/11 lb., post free. PURE WOOL SPRINGS from 2/11 to 27/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Cottons, Tailoring, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

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"It's the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks."

BIRD'S CUSTARD

is "Something to sing about."

C.2d

DOES HUMAN NATURE CHANGE?

THERE never was a time when the thoughts of men and women were so broadly and generally bent on human welfare as now. The war has made the millions think. All civilised countries are sick of wars. They know them to be brutal and feel them to be futile. The belief in war is dead.

The one defence of war that brings a pause in an argument is that it is based on human nature and that human nature does not change.

The truth is that human nature does change. It has changed, is changing, and will for ever change.

These few words are from an article in Arthur Mee's Monthly for July. In this issue there are eighteen articles dealing with a variety of subjects, and several pages of stories and poems. There are well over a hundred pictures, many of them in colours.

Ask for

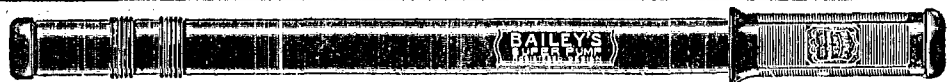
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Arthur Mee's Monthly

July issue now on sale - - - 1s

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 21, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year. (Canada 14s)

THE BRAN TUB

A Strange Sum

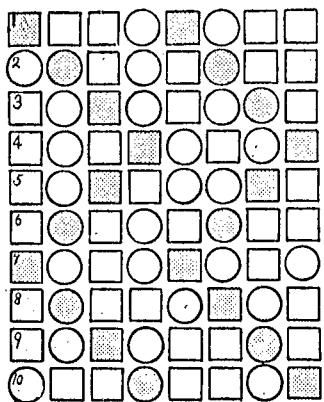
STRANGE things can be done with the figures in the sum £66 6s 6d. You will notice that it consists of four sixes, which added together make 24.

If the sum is expressed in pence we get 15,918 pence, which when added together again equals 24. Now let us write the amount in farthings, 63,672, and once more the total of the figures is 24.

There is no other sum of money with which this can be done.

A Zig-Zag Puzzle

PUT vowels in the circles and consonants in the squares so as to form words across, of which definitions are given below. When this has been done correctly the two zig-zag lines running through the puzzle and indicated by shading will make the names of two birds.



1. Hurling.
2. Accountants.
3. Mockery.
4. Trafficked by exchanging.
5. The muse of epic poetry.
6. Showing veneration.
7. To consecrate.
8. Abandoned.
9. Turned round.
10. To bring about.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Fuller?

THIS is one of those surnames derived from the trade of the man who first had it attached to him. Fuller comes from the French word fouler, which means to trample, and the ancestor of the Fullers of today used to be engaged in the work of trampling the cloth in woollen cloth manufacture.

A Pest in the Woods

HORSE flies are becoming plentiful now that summer is with us again. They occur most frequently in the neighbourhood of woods and prove a nuisance and even a danger to both horses and their owners.

These somewhat repulsive flat-bodied insects collect in swarms to attack horses, using their hooked feet to cluster round the animal's eyes, ears, and tail; and

they clutch so tightly that they cannot be shaken off.

If the horse is highly strung it may be so maddened with sharp little bites as to bolt in its efforts to escape from its tormentors.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Mars is in the East. In the evening Venus is in the North-West, Neptune in the West, and Saturn in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on June 23.



Why?

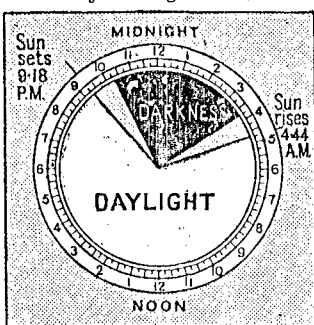
THERE'S grandeur in the mountain's rugged face, Fantastic patterns never shaped by man. Naught but the gods could do this wondrous thing; But who, oh, who left that tomato can?

I see the rippling stream, cold, clear, and swift, Leaping and bounding over crystal rocks, I stoop to taste its nectar and I see Two bottle tops, a shoe, an old lunch box.

Why spend a million years to build a world, To mould it, shape it, give it tone and punch, When one poor, thoughtless picnicker can spoil The whole shebang with what is left from lunch?

From the Detroit News

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. June 22 is the longest day.

Facts About the Sperm Whale

THE jawbone of a sperm whale may be 20 feet long. Ambergris is found only in the head of the sperm whale.

Although the sperm whale may be 70 feet long its brains are no bigger than those of a bull.

One of the largest sperm whales ever caught weighed 150 tons, as much as five elephants.

A Divided Word

THREE words are missing in the following rhyme. The last two words consist of the same seven letters as the first word, in the same order.

Here's the message as twas sent: "It is 1234567 to be seen, my dear." Here's the message as twas meant: "It's 123 4567 to be seen." How queer

That blending two words into one Should such a difference make. Just one word and we're undone; Loss it means; we've cause to quake. We read it over in afright, But now it's two words, so all is right.

Answer next week

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

HOW many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks, up to May 24, 1930, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1930	DEATHS 1930	BIRTHS 1929	DEATHS 1929
London	6101	5742	3723	4022
Glasgow	2043	1877	1192	1183
Birmingham	1615	1346	847	882
Dublin	819	787	525	467
Edinburgh	611	564	452	468
Bristol	540	482	347	372
Newcastle	511	462	278	277
Bradford	388	322	321	320
Cardiff	351	343	218	222
Norwich	198	160	107	124
Reading	192	128	82	81
Preston	155	107	111	102

Ici On Parle Français



La balle Le taureau Le jonc
Cette balle est de petit calibre
J'ai toujours peur des taureaux
Le jonc croit dans un lieu humide

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Jumbled Verse

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

Diagonal Acrostic
Straighten
aTtraction
perplexity
pleAsantry
allowances
scrambling
prominence
interfered
dictionary
completely

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

ODES MISERABLE NIBS
BEE RODOMEL ART
SANTAL NOBIR
ELAN ELAND REDE
RENDICE BADGE
VREARNESTLY MET
EMANATE TOERES
TENDER SATRAP

DR. MERRYMAN

Still There

GRAMMAR was the lesson in progress.

"I have went," said the teacher. "Now, Johnny, is that correct?" "No, Teacher," replied Johnny. "You haven't went yet."

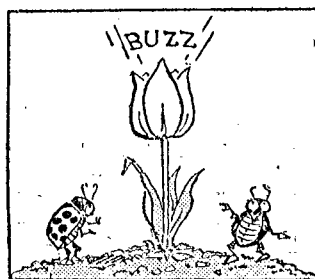
V-very C-cool

THOMAS the traveller was nothing if not truthful.

"Were you quite cool when that lion appeared before you?" he was asked.

"Cool?" he queried. "Why, my teeth just chattered."

A Noisy Nap



A DROWSY old Drone took a nap in the bell

Of a tulip—and didn't he snore! Then two Beetles turned up, and they paused in surprise

As the noise went on just as before.

"It's some radio trick," remarked one of the pair.

Joked the other, "With you I agree;

And if I might make a suggestion I'd say

It sounds like a Loud Sleeper to me!"

Older Every Day

A LONDONER was paying his annual visit to the country village where he was born. Meeting the oldest inhabitant, aged about 90, the visitor rather tactlessly remarked:

"But you are getting older, Mr Perkins!"

"It's glad I am of that, sir," was the reply, "else I shouldn't be here."

Puzzling

SMALL GIRL: Mummie, Teacher said this morning that it is the law of gravity that keeps us on the Earth.

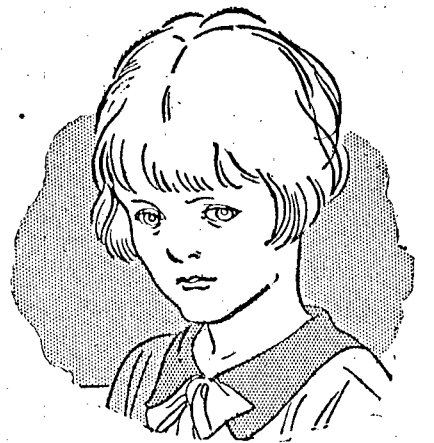
Mother: So it is, dear. Small Girl: But how did we keep on before the law was passed?

Those Five-Finger Exercises

TWO old friends were talking about their children.

"I understand your little boy is taking great pains with his pianoforte lessons," said one.

"Taking!" replied the other. "I should think giving is more likely."



To thoughtful Mothers!

Care that means so much to your girls.

Will your girls grow up with nice complexions? The avoidance of irregularity is vital. Children do not realise this, so mothers have to be watchful and give a laxative when the system fails to act daily. "California Syrup of Figs" is the best laxative and blood purifier for children. They love its delicious taste. It never fails to cleanse the system and sweeten the stomach. It keeps the eyes bright, the complexion clear, and the skin free from pimples and eruptions.

Ask your chemist for "California Syrup of Figs," 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle (full directions on label). Emphasise "California" and no mistake will be made.



SLEEP

Do you enjoy the luxurious pleasure of just jumping into bed and falling sound asleep almost immediately; sleeping seven or eight hours continuously and waking fresh, alert and ready for your day's work? If you do not the "Allenburys" Diet should be added to your daily fare.

A cup of this delightful food beverage taken at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. will quickly tone your system and ensure energy for the day and for the night that wonderful restorer—sound sleep.



EASY TO MAKE • PLEASANT TO TAKE
In tins at 2/1, 4/- & 7/6 Of all Chemists
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FIVE-MINUTE STORY

PHYLLIS had been asked to sit in the Red Cross Room to receive gifts for the jumble sale for the hospital. (Poor Miss Hope had a headache and had gone to lie down.)

Phyllis was a schoolgirl of twelve, and very proud she was to be left in charge.

Every sort of thing was wanted, and when all the jumble was collected there was to be a great sale.

"Some will give jewellery, some clothes, and some things from their houses," the school teacher had said when she had told the children about it.

So Phyllis sat and waited. But everybody must have

been unusually busy that morning for not a single person came in. It was very disappointing.

Suddenly the door was pushed open and in dashed Miss Roberts's spaniel puppy, that naughty thing whose tricks were the talk of the village. He came with dripping legs and his body wet from paddling in the river.

Phyllis pounced on him.

"You will just do to sell this evening," she cried, and she shut him up securely in the next room.

That was all that happened. But when Phyllis's hour was nearly up in popped Miss

Roberts to ask if anybody had seen her dog.

"Rowdy is in there," said Phyllis, nodding to the door of the other room.

"Oh, tiresome creature! I have been offered a darling little Pekinese this very morning, but I dare not accept because of Rowdy; he would pull him to bits."

"Have you brought anything for the jumble sale?" asked Phyllis.

"My dear, I could not find a thing! I'm so very sorry," said Miss Roberts.

"Well, then, why not give Rowdy?" suggested Phyllis. "I am sure lots of people

would like to buy him. Then you could have your Peke."

"I believe I will," said Miss Roberts. And when she had gone back came Miss Hope.

"Well, what results?" she asked.

Phyllis pointed to Rowdy, who was busy tearing up a big pile of notices about the sale. Phyllis loved Rowdy, the irrepressible.

And who should buy him that night but Phyllis's own Daddy, who loved him too. And Rowdy would not have been in that family if it had not been that Phyllis had gone to wait for jumble in the Red Cross Room.

WAITING FOR JUMBLE